THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness;
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Wepionomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

"No insolence!" cried Gist, and the scout stepped towards the miscreant. "There's no love betwixt us, recollect, and a little breeze will make a hurricane. Will you touch the girl again?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRISONER.

"What'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late.
The reed in storm may bow and quiver,
Then rise again; the tree must shiver."
Anon.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And will stand the hazard of the die."
Shakspeare

Leaving the renegade's cabin for a brief time, let us return to one of our characters whom we left on the fatal field of battle.

Between the present city of Pittsburg and the Big Beaver, a stream famous in the annals of colonial Pennsylvania, stood the Indian village of Logstown. As a trading point it was of some importance, and had attained much celebrity. Here Washington met the famous Half King during his journey to the Ohio, and here he almost lost his life. A number of English traders inhabited the place, but the greater part of the population consisted of French and Indians. At the outbreak of the war many of the English left the place, and those who remained were little better than renegades.

It was the night after the battle, and the motley population of the town was rejoicing over the victory. Indians paraded the streets clad in British regimentals, brandishing elegant swords, or wearing gold watches. Bumbo flowed freely, and it was evident that the midnight stars would shine upon a drunken carousal. The French did not try to arrest the wild orgies, and before sundown several English captives had been burned near the town.

Before a strong log hut stood two men as if guarding the door. One was a savage, at whose belt, now a rich officer's sash, hung two fresh scalps; the other was a tall white man, whose features were repulsive and brutal. They were armed, and stood erect, wide awake, but silent.

A light, perceptible between the logs, told that a lamp or candle burned beyond the threshold, and the first word spoken by either of the guards fell from the lips of the Indian, after he had looked into the hut.

"Paleface there yet," he said, and again relapsed into silence.

The prisoner of the hut walked the room incessantly.

He was a large and fine looking man, clad in the uniform of a British major. His hair was streaked with gray, and there was a scar on his right cheek. He wore no weapons, his sword sash was missing, perhaps it girded the dusky loins of his savage guard.

"If the fate of my boy was known!" he said, with a father's solicitude and anguish. "I saw him fall. I saw Malta wheel and dash away with Greville hanging from the stirrup. How quickly I turned to follow, when my steed fell dead, and I found myself on foot. Then the retreat began, and O, God! what a retreat! All was confusion, and that confusion was a hell. I tried to get out of the way of those mad artillery horses, but I could not. I went down beneath them, and before I rose again, I found myself a prisoner. They hurried me to this place, and now, with Greville's fate wrapped in mystery, I suffer torture. I can face the foes that hated Braddock, and all who fought under his banner. They will find a man worthy of their steel in Martel Kensett."

He spoke the last sentence with pride that proclaimed a noble ancestry, but still there was the expression of pain on his face, and a tinge of parental agony in his tone. He paused abruptly; for certain sounds beyond the confines of his narrow prison called his attention.

"They want my blood," he said, knitting his lips with determination. "It is for sale, but they must purchase at a fearful price."

He seemed to divine the import of the cries that continued to approach the cabin—the vengeful cry of the maddened Indians, and the curses of their white allies.

He heard his guards speaking in low tones, and put his ear to the crevice.

"The braves want the white soldier," said the Shawnee guard.

"Well, shall they have him?"

"They are strong; they can take him."

"I know it; but, Mahaska, we promised to guard him till Dan comes back."

"True; but white man not coming."

"How in the thunder do you know he's not coming?" growled the renegade. "He has never lied to me. Du Quesne is more'n a mile from here."

The Indian was silent for a moment, and he listened to the cries of the mob with a half fearful expression. It was coming directly towards the cabin, and wanted the soldier's blood. The arms of the guards would be straws before its fury.

"Don't fail Red Dan, Mahaska," said the renegade, appealingly.

"Mahaska don't want to die; he got squaw and many guns."

"I hevn't a wife, and but one gun, but may I be switched if I want to die," said the white. "But if the devils want the soldier, they get him over me."

"Brave man!" came from beyond the logs. "Were I armed, they should learn the valuation of a soldier's life."

"Here, then;" and the renegade drew his knife and thrust it between the timbers till he felt the handle seized. "It's coming to bloodshed. Red Dan only can save us."

"Who is Red Dan?"

"Dan Seymour, the big man o' these parts. Did you never see 'im."

"Never!"

"Why, he told us to guard you!"

"Then Cougar Dick and Red Dan must be identical."

"Not much," said the renegade. "Red Dan is a white man; Cougar Dick an Indian. Who took you prisoner?"

"Cougar Dick, the traitor!"

"And Red Dan told us to guard you, that's funny," said the renegade. "I never thought them two fellers would work together; but these are devil-working times. Mahaska and I will stand by you. By Jove! they are coming with torches and tomahawks."

"Well, let them come!" grated the prisoner.

It was a furious mob that the prisoner and his guards beheld. It consisted of three hundred French and Indians, including many squaws, who brandished weapons of every description. A number of torches threw a lurid light over the scene, and cries of vengeance rent the air.

There wasn't a sober man in the rabble.

"Keep off," shouted the renegade, motioning the crowd back with the hand that held his rifle. "Wait till Dan comes; then he will give the soldier to you; you're too drunk now to deal with a captive."

But his words were not heard.

"Step closer, Mahaska," he whispered to the Indian; then to the mob: "If you won't listen to reason, you can have the soldier by crawling over us," he cried. "When Monck Davis is set to protect a man, he does his duty."

A yell greeted the renegade's words, and a tomahawk hurled at his head by some unsteady hand buried itself in the door. That opened the attack.

The foremost of the mob, goaded by those behind, sprang forward. Two savages went down before Davis' clubbed rifle, and Mahaska sent a Frenchman back with a crushed jaw.

The two men struggled in the grasp of the mob, but they were soon overpowered, and the weapons of the victors began to hammer on the door.

The thoughts of the king's soldier as he awaited the yielding of the door with ready knife and compressed lips cannot be described. Hell seemed to be thundering against those oaken planks.

But suddenly the blows ceased, and the officer heard a stentorian voice which carried command in its tone.

"Back! drunken devils!" it said; "the prisoner is mine! I'll kill the first one of you that lifts a hatchet, be you French or Indian!"

There was silence, and the prisoner started back.

"That voice! that voice!" he cried. "I have not heard it for eighteen years, and now it comes to doom me and mine!"

Then he heard it again.

"Open the door!" it said.

Kensett removed the barricade he had erected, and on broken hinges the portals swung open.

The figure of a man stepped into the cabin.

"How are you, Martel Kensett?" the newcomer said, in a tone of mingled sarcasm and triumph.

"I am well. But your prisoner? Llewellyn Mortyn, where is my son?"

Red Dan answered with a laugh.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DEADLY ENEMY. GIST ON A NEW TRAIL.

Ah me!
The world is full of meetings such as this—
A thrill, a challenge and reply—
And sudden partings after!"
N. P. Willis.

"Your son! What should I know about him?" asked the renegade at the end of his laugh.

"You saw him with me in the battle?"

"True."

"And you know where he is now?"

"I do not."

"Llewellyn Mortyn, my ancient enemy, do not practice a dissimulation that I can readily fathom," cried Kensett, starting towards the renegade. "Do not lie to me about my boy. If you have tortured him to death, tell me the truth? Keep nothing back?"

A change came over the enemy's face, and he seemed to gloat over the intense pain his silence was causing the soldier father. With folded arms he faced Martel Kensett, whose look of anxiety was akin to agony.

"I know that the fate of Greville is known to you, and I conjure you to tell it!" continued the soldier. "You are keeping your oath with the spirit of a devil, and my only regret is, that I did not run you through that night."

"I was in your power," said Seymour, with a smile. "You were then a practiced swordsman. I handled the blade with a novice's awkwardness. That was your time; the present is mine. How is the Lady Clare?"

A sneer clothed the question; but Martel Kensett did not seem to notice it, for he sighed.

"She is dead," he said, dropping his head. "Ere this she has met her boy, from whose body your deadly hate has wrung a noble spirit. Llewellyn Mortyn, or Dan Seymour, as your new friends call you, you find in me an enemy whose revenge shall be terrible!"

"If I am fool enough to let you go," smiled the renegade. "You will never see your boy again!"

"You have killed him? Murderer!"

"He made a bloody trail from the battlefield—a trail any man could follow."

"And you followed it?"

For a moment Martel Kensett stood immobile before the torturing renegade, then he staggered back, and with hands pressed to his wildly throbbing temples, leaned against the wall.

"He was Clare's son!" he said, scarce above a whisper, forgetful of the renegade's presence. "He was her boy and mine!"

Red Dan watched his grief with a hard, stony face. The features of the young man who flung a terrible oath into Kensett's face one stormy night in England long before the present meeting, were hard to trace on his face. But the same eye was there, and much of the voice had remained—so much that the soldier had recognized it.

He could see the workings of the terrible revenge; already his son had been dealt with, and himself in the power of the uncompromising, deadly enemy. He gave way to a father's grief without affectation; it was the overflowing of a burdened, anxious heart; and he, strong man that he was, could not repress the flood. After grief revenge would surely come.

Red Dan knew this, and retreated to the door with the blade of a hunting-knife concealed in his sleeve. He did not once take his eyes from Kensett, and when, at last, the captive raised his head and recognized him with a start, he seemed relieved.

"You refused to fight me once!" cried the soldier. "Will you fight me now? Your friends without would gladly furnish the weapons."

"Fight you? no!" said Red Dan. "I'm not going to pin my life on the point of a sword. I'm going to deal with you as I see fit."

"But not without a Kensett's vengeance!"

The words were still on the soldier's lips, when, like a tiger, he sprang at his foe.

The renegade tried to avoid the assault by springing aside; but escape was impossible. The hand of the maddened father closed upon his throat, and the twain went to the ground together.

Then was inaugurated a terrible struggle for the mastery, such a struggle as two giants, deadly enemies, would make in mad encounter. The uncouth lamp shed a wierd light upon the scene, and dimly revealed the changing fortunes of the combatants.

The renegade's knife had been torn from his hand, and lay beneath the rough table, beyond the reach of both parties. It was a struggle with muscle for life; iron and steel were out of the conflict.

It was a struggle that could not last long, and it was brought to a sudden ending.

Martel Kensett was stronger than his foe; but Red Dan knew how to use his strength. He possessed in activity what he lacked in power, and it was by quick action that he succeeded in freeing his throat.

Then a cry for help pealed from his lips—but one cry, for the fingers of his adversary were on his trachea again.

But that cry was answered; the door of the cabin was burst open, and a swarm of savages rushed in. The foremost sprang towards the writhing combatants with a yell, and tore Martel Kensett away.

Red Dan, gasping for breath, was rudely jerked to his feet, and he saw his enemy forced against the wall by a powerful redskin, whose knife was drawn to terminate his existence. The renegade tried to shout, but the cry died in his throat. Then he staggered towards the Indian, and grasped his uplifted arm.

"Spare him," he said, gaspingly. "He—is—mine! I'll scalp him—by and by!"

The red man looked at the renegade, and reluctantly lowered his arm.

"No thanks," said Kensett to the villain.

"Just as you please, sir. You see I can be merciful."

Again he moved towards the door, the Indians before him.

"Our antagonisms do not end here," he said. "I'm not done with you yet. I wish you could see what I have left of your boy."

With a cry of rage Kensett started towards his foe, who stepped beyond the door, held open by an Indian, and the portal was closed.

He heard Red Dan's voice beyond the threshold, and caught sight of his figure moving away.

Already we have followed the renegade to his destination. He went from Logstown directly to his cabin, to which, a brief time after his arrival, Kate returned.

The meeting of the twain, the discovery of blood on the girl's dress, the renegade's assault, Kate's defiance, and the sudden appearance of the giant with the bandaged head, the reader has already witnessed.

Let us, therefore, resume the narrative interrupted by the termination of Chapter Sixth.

"Fierce as ten furies," seemed the man who, without warning, had leaped between the renegade and his daughter. The bandage gave him a hideous appearance, for, as already intimated, it was soaked in blood, and streaks of dried gore disfigured his face. His right hand gripped a long rifle, and the horn handle of a knife protruded from his belt.

After landing between the twain, he whirled suddenly upon the renegade, who, surprised at the intrusion, had not recognized him.

"If you touch that girl again, Dan Seymour," he cried, "I'll kill you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—you, a great, strong man assaulting a girl, and one who has cooked your victuals for years at that. For a shilling, I'd give you a reminder of your contemptible cowardice."

The rifle changed hands, and the speaker's right fist crept slowly back.

"Perhaps you'd better try it, Christopher Gist," said the renegade, defiantly. "It would be the dearest lesson you have ever attempted to teach."

"No insolence!" and the scout stepped towards the miscreant. "There's no love betwixt us, recollect, and a little breeze will make a hurricane. Will you touch the girl again?"

"She is mine!"

"That doesn't answer the question," said the Virginian. "You've got to promise me that you will not maltreat Kate anymore."

"Christopher Gist, why should you meddle with my private affairs? The girl is nothing to you."

"Every abused woman is something to Chris Gist!" thundered the scout. "If I hadn't got here jest when I did, in all probability you'd have killed Kate. You mustn't touch her again."

"I'm master here!"

The scout could withstand the renegade's equivocation no longer. He stepped forward with compressed lips, and before Red Dan could retreat, the iron fist shot out from the shoulder. It was a terrific blow; and the recipient thereof, struck at the butt of the right ear, went against the wall like a thunderbolt!

The scout turned to Kate.

"Girl, he was your father; but I couldn't help it," he said, glancing at the senseless man on the floor. "He wouldn't promise one thing, so I had to do the other. He isn't hurt much. I didn't try to kill him. I broke an Injun's skulls with my fist once; but what's the use o' talking about that here? What was he mad at you for?"

In a few words the girl related the cause of the affray to the scout.

"I bet I know who the young soldier is," he said. "His name is Kensett."

"That is his name!" said the girl.

"He's the same feller that Cougar Dick doesn't like."

"What! does that terrible Indian hate him, too? Oh, sir, can't we save him?"

"So you found him?" cried the scout, eagerly. "The blood on your bosom is his, then?"

"It is his blood, and the ring also," answered Kate Seymour. "His horse bore him a long ways from the battlefield; but I found him. I would not leave him until he forced me, for my own safety, from his side. I left him my rifle."

"Kate Seymour, you're a woman!" cried Gist, admiringly. "I will do all I can to save him. Where is he?"

The scout moved nearer the girl as he put the question, and heard her whisper:

"Very near the Devil's Falls is a cave."

The eyes of the borderman lighted up with knowledge.

"I know the cave," he said. "Doesn't a deformed tree hide the mouth?"

"Yes."

"I found that hole about three years since. I can find it again."

"He is there. Go to him and see how he is getting along. He is badly wounded; and his terrible ride has weakened him. Say I sent you; then he will know that you are to be trusted. My father will hunt him to the death. I don't know why he hates him so."

"Nor I. But we will get the young chap away."

"God grant it!"

A few moments later Christopher Gist left the cabin and plunged into the forest on his errand of mercy. He carried some venison and bread in a leathern pouch at his side, and the last words of Kate Seymour rang in his ears.

"Tell him I sent you, and guard him well if you call Kate Seymour your friend. Father and his friends will never step from his trail and yours."

But he did not leave the cabin until the girl had assured him that her father would not harm her when he recovered his senses.

That errand of mercy was fraught with danger, but Christopher Gist was the man to undertake it. A braver scout, a nobler man never crossed the Alleghanies, and Kate Seymour knew this and trusted him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COMPACT.

My deeds and speeches, sir,
Are lines drawn from one centre; what I promise
To do I'll do! —*Daniels.*

The hour was not late when Christopher Gist left the renegade's cabin, and while he is pushing through the forest towards the Devil's Falls let us witness a brace of scenes that occurred some hours after his departure.

The victors on Braddock's field were received with open arms by the French commandant at Fort Du Quesne. Among them walked M. Dumas, whose arm, resting in a sling, told that he had received an injury. Indeed, in the heat of the conflict, and shortly after the fall of Beaujeau, he received a ball in the flesh of his arm between the elbow and shoulder; but the wound promised to give him but little inconvenience. Still he was fretful and ill at ease, and once or twice since the conflict he had harshly repulsed Leono, the beautiful Delaware. Like a fawn, the girl had stolen to his side; but her love had received no encouragement from the Frenchman.

He had not forgotten his promise to convey to Kate Seymour intelligence of the battle; but he had decided to reserve the communication until the following day.

Of course no sleep was looked for in the fort the night after the battle. Indians, drunken with victory unexpected, and promised bumbo, hooted and howled like demons; and made the night hideous.

It might have been one o'clock in the morning, when Lecour Dumas, standing near a cannon, felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned quickly and saw a man looking into his face. The sky above was unclouded, and by the stars he recognized the disturber of his reverie.

"Why, Seymour, I was not looking for you!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Where did you come from—the battle-field?"

"No! what would I want up there where death reigns supreme?" answered the renegade.

"You might look for your foes."

"They are not there."

"Then they escaped, and the scenes of the feud change again."

"Both have not escaped," said Seymour, with satisfaction. "I have the father caged at Logstown; but the boy is somewhere, badly hurt. If you could see my throat, I fancy you'd see the marks of English fingers there. I visited Sir Martel in his prison a while ago, and when I told him that I had tortured his boy—just to pain him, you see—he flew at me like a tiger; and would have ended me had not my red boys heard my cries and rushed to my assistance."

"*Le diable!*" exclaimed the lieutenant. "I would not keep such a prisoner long."

"I will not keep him long; but I want to find the boy first," said Seymour. "My girl knows where he is."

The Frenchman opened his eyes at this, and stared into the renegade's face.

"Then she has told you?"

"She has not; and more, she utterly refuses to do so. Dumas, I want you to help me; and I want a private conversation! Let us get out of the fort."

"With pleasure. There are certain ears within these walls that must not hear us," the soldier said, and a moment later the twain turned and passed out.

Dumas led the renegade through the starlight to a secluded spot on the banks of the Monongahela, and halted beneath the boughs of a leaning elm.

"Now we can talk without fear," he said, with eagerness. "You say your daughter refuses to disclose the hiding-place of the British soldier?"

"She does. When I went home a few hours ago, I found the house empty; but after awhile she came sneaking back. She lit the lamp, and I found blood on her bosom. When I questioned her concerning it she equivocated, and displayed a ring that I at once recognized. It was a ring crowned with a dragon's head—the ancient crest of the Kensett house. The sight of the ring maddened me. I commanded her to equivocate no longer. She then declared that she knew where my enemy was; that he was sorely wounded, and might be dying; but she would not disclose his retreat. I could not control my rage. I sprang at her; she darted across the room, and while we faced each other, that Virginian dog, Christopher Gist, sprang into the house and knocked me down."

M. Dumas clenched his hands, and uttered his favorite oath—"*le diable!*"

"When I recovered he was gone, and I am satisfied that Kate sent him to the boy. Then I sought you, and I am here. We must find the boy! Dumas, you must help me hunt him. I will pay you well. I know what you are in the woods. You are the best French trailer in America, and you control Silver Serpent who doesn't like me very well. Put him on the trail; but do not let him know that he is trailing for me."

"I will, Seymour; we will work together!" said the Frenchman. "Where do you think he is?"

"He might be in the vicinity of the Devil's Falls; but I do not know," answered the renegade. "What kind of a wound did they give you in the last fight?"

"A flesh one. I will remove the sling to-morrow, and throw myself on the trail. But what is to be my reward? A Frenchman does not take whisky and rifles like the Indians."

The smile he gave was returned by the renegade.

"I know, Dumas, the prize you have sought so long shall be yours," was his reply. "I have watched your courting of my child, and when we find the boy she shall be yours."

The Frenchman's eyes flashed, and he caught Red Dan's hand.

"You swear this, Seymour?"

"I swear it! She shall be yours whether she desires you or not. But you have a rival, let me tell you this. She already loves the wounded foe."

"He is not formidable," said Dumas, tapping the hilt of his sword. "We will attend to him."

"You shall not harm a hair of his head; every one belongs to me."

"I shall recollect; but now that I have promised to help you, I must ask aid at your hands," the soldier said. "You must attend to a little matter for me."

"This is fair," remarked Seymour, with some wonderment in his eyes. "What do you want me to do?"

"There's a girl who has been bothering me," said Dumas. "*Le diable!* how she shadows me; and if she finds that you have given Kate to me, she will kill her. I do not love her. I never intend to make her what she thinks I do—my wife. I wouldn't marry an Indian. I want you to put her out of my way. I daren't do it. I can't do it. One of your Indians can settle the affair. She will baulk us in the hunt for the boy if she discovers that he is likely to keep me from Kate."

"No person living shall keep me from the Kensett," exclaimed Seymour. "I will attend to the girl. What is her name?"

"Leono. You have seen her. She is Cougar Dick's child."

The renegade started, and a strange expression settled on his face. He shot the Frenchman a look of hatred; but why, the Frenchman could not tell. The hands that hung at Red Dan's side closed convulsively, and his lips grew white and twitched.

Was he in love with Cougar Dick's daughter?

"I will attend to the girl," he repeated, in an unnatural tone. "Let us go back to the fort."

"In a moment," said M. Dumas. "Put her out of the way in such a manner that Cougar Dick and his six devils do not suspicion you. They'd hunt you down in a brief time. As for the girl, she isn't fit to live—scarcely fit to die. She thought I loved her—the red Venus! but I was only drawing her on. She will lie——"

"There, that will do," cried Seymour, starting towards the Frenchman, both hands clenched, and rage flashing from his eyes. "Lieutenant Dumas, we are friends; but if you speak another lie against that girl, I'll kill you here and throw you into the river. I will attend to her; but, by the stars of heaven, I will not hear her slandered."

Frightened at his visage and threatening attitude, the Gaul shrank away, and with an abruptness that surprised him, Seymour turned on his heel, and started towards the fort.

"Go!" grated Dumas, angrily, but in a tone that did not reach the renegade's ears. "I have stirred up a lion. He is in love with Cougar Dick's child, and I am anxious to see how he will attend to her. But he must keep his word to me about his own girl. *Le diable!* I thought he would eat me up."

The figure of the renegade soon vanished, and Dumas was alone beneath the elm.

But he did not stand there solitary long. The cracking of a twig told him that a foot was abroad, and a moment later a girlish figure rose from the deep shadow of the tree.

It was the figure of Leono, the Delaware girl.

She came forward with his name on her lips, but he received it with an oath. His dark eyes flashed fire, and he tore his wounded arm from the sling.

The girl stopped; but before she could retreat, the madman was upon her.

The next instant he snatched her off the ground, whirled her with an ejaculation of rage, and flung her into the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A POLITE TIGER.

The superstitious awe with which the natives of India regard the tiger has given rise to ludicrous stories, which would not gain credence among the least incredulous of European children. Of this kind is a story told about a *khansamah*, or native butler. The general idea of a butler is a portly, not to say obese, personage; but this khansamah," was of a very lean and spare habit." He, then, having made some purchases at a market-town, was returning through the jungle to the camp whence he had set out, when, according to his own description, "a monster of a tiger, with a light leap, bounded over some bushes into the road right before him, and only a few paces distant." He was so overcome with fright that he did not know what to do; but, as if he were in the presence of a superior being in human shape, he dropped his bundle, fell on his knees, took off his turban, and placed it on the ground in front of him, joined the palms of his hands together, and thus addressed the tiger:

"My lord, compelled by the harsh order of my employer to traverse this forest, it has been my misfortune to darken your exalted excellency's presence with my insignificant shadow. I am a very poor man, with a wife and several small children . . . and as they have no one else to look to for a mouthful of food, should your excellency's highness be pleased to make a meal of me, they would be left entirely destitute. . . . Besides, if your excellency's highness will only condescend to look at me better, you will perceive that . . . I am little better than a bag of bones . . . Most exalted prince of the forest, I submit it to your highness' judgment whether my lean and spare habit (and with that he stripped off his coat, showing his skin, for flesh he had none) would afford you a single toothsome morsel." His speech had been accompanied with a series of bows, and he prostrated himself every now and then, until his forehead touched the ground. Which of the many dialects of India he spoke is not recorded; but he asserted that the tiger perfectly understood him, for the beast, having eyed him over, and sniffed contemptuously at his "bag of bones," gave one growl of disgust, and bounded back again over the bushes, leaving the khansamah in a bath of perspiration, and singing a song of deliverance.

CHINESE MILITARY REVIEW.

A review of Chinese troops occurred last year in the province of Emise. Two divisions were marched out to the parade ground and mustered face to face. Each company bore two splendidly colored flags, and the soldiers carried old-fashioned arquebusses, called "tyfus," ten per company, as four men are required to shoot this weapon. Each division had half a company of lancers with their heads bound up in handkerchiefs, the ends of which were left to float in the breeze; also archers entirely dressed in yellow, bearing huge round shields, dragon-painted, and wearing short swords. Between the two divisions was a band of music, composed of flutes, horns, and tinkling cymbals, and drums large and small. Near the band the general-in-chief and his staff, with a colossal flag, and a few smaller ones, took up his position. At a given signal the general's flag waved; then all the other flags waved, and the most intricate *chasses croisez* of manœuvres commenced among the soldiers. At another signal, the lancers, archers, and specialists ran around, gesticulated and jumped, and performed the most fantastic capers. The archers performed by sitting down on the ground and holding their shields over their heads for protection, and suddenly leaping up with horrible cries and shaking off their various armor, which, of course, put the enemy's cavalry to flight, as intended. The lancers were formed in small bands of skirmishers, and advanced to hunt for the enemy gone to cover. They found him; after rapid firing along the whole line, made a show of eating him alive, including painted dragons and monsters. Closing shout of victory; grand gongs. These tactics are the result of long experience, but they are not Moltke's.

FLOWERS seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and, in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and the monk, they are precious always.

THE stream of time rolls rapidly away into the ocean of eternity, sweeping off in its impetuous course all human things. Beauty, fashion, genius, accomplishments, wealth, will be no more. Religion alone is destined to survive the ruin.

THE heart loves repose, and the soul loves contemplation, but the mind needs action.

BY THE DOVE-COT.

The place around her is enchanted;
Sweetly she pauses, troubled, haunted,
For all the air seems full of love—
Music of billing and of cooing,
Music of little winged things wooing
Around her, under, and above.

With rosy stars and tingling fingers,
Like Venus amid her doves she lingers
Her bosom rich with honeyed things—
The gladness round her has no measure,
The warm air palpitates for pleasure,
Troubled by white and waving wings.

What fitter time to creep and woo her,
When light and sound and love thrill through her,
Stirring her gentle blood like wine—
All gentle things that round her hover
Conspire, oh happy, happy lover,
To honey her sweet mouth for thine.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE POISONED DRAUGHT.

"What, think you, have they been doing in yonder, my lady?" she said, in a sharp whisper, bobbing her head in the direction of the apartment she had just flitted.

"Major Vaughn has made his will, I suppose," answered Nora, calmly.

"Yes, my lady."

The maid cut the words off sharply, as if there was a great deal more to tell.

"Speak out, Susette," said Nora. "I do not think we are observed."

Susette placed her lips close to the ear of her former mistress.

"I found out what was in that will, my lady. It doesn't matter whether they knew it or not, but I just ran my eyes over the paper while I was writing my name. I'm not such an idiot as to sign a paper when I don't have an inkling of what is in it."

"Well, Susette?"

"He's left all his money to Mr. Godfrey and Miss Rose, never once mentioning your name, and only giving a trifle to dear Miss Janet. It's a shame, I say, a burning shame. I don't like the looks of it."

"Hush!" whispered Nora. "You must not mention to anybody else what you have discovered."

The lawyer and his clerk came out at this instant.

"You can go back to your patient, madam," said the former, barely glancing at the black-robed figure of the pretended Sister Theresa.

Then the two men descended the stairs, and immediately left the house.

Nora could scarcely control her agitation and restlessness during the remainder of that day. Another step had been taken on the dark road, and she trembled for what was to come.

Oh, if she only dared warn her husband of the threatened danger! If she might even reveal herself to him, and claim his counsel and help to avert it.

But, no! She could only work out his salvation, alone and unaided, as she had begun to do already.

Would she succeed? There were some things in her favor still. She might be regarded with suspicion, but her disguise had not been penetrated. The anonymous letter told her that. Rose would never have worded it in the manner she did (of course, it was Rose's work), had she guessed who "Sister Theresa" really was.

"God help me," she murmured. "God guide and aid me." And never a more agonized prayer ascended from mortal lips, for she knew the end could not now be far off.

Major Vaughn was now considered so much better that he did not require watchers through the night. Nora slept in a little recess, separated from his apartment by heavy curtains of black velvet, that she might be within call if anything was wanted during the night.

The next twenty-four hours passed quietly enough. But, as Nora sat beside the banker's couch, at a late hour the second night, Rose made her appearance at the door.

"You must be quite worn out, watching so constantly, Sister Theresa," she said, after kissing her uncle very affectionately. "I have taken the liberty to send up some tea and toast. You really require something to keep up your strength."

While she was speaking, Susette entered with a neatly arranged tray.

"I am not weary, and not hungry, thank you," said Nora, quietly, though her heart beat fast.

The banker turned his face towards them.

"Pray take some refreshments, nurse," he entreated. "Rose is quite right in thinking you need them. For my sake, if you please."

"Drink a cup of tea, if you take nothing else," urged Rose, sweetly.

Nora glanced swiftly round at her. Something in the wicked girl's face, a shrinking terror in her flashing black eyes, warned her to take care.

Was the tea drugged, and did they intend to accomplish a part of their hellish work this very night?

Susette stood a little way behind Rose. She made a quick, significant gesture that the tea could be safely drunk.

"I changed the cups," she whispered, just above her breath, as she advanced with the tray.

Nora caught the words, but very faintly. Susette could say no more, for watchful eyes were upon them.

"You are very kind," said Nora, smiling upon Rose. "The trouble shall not all be for nothing."

She drank the tea to the dregs, and returned the empty cup. A smile of malicious triumph curled Rose's lips as she did so.

"I am sure you will feel refreshed, Sister Theresa. Good night. Good night, dear Uncle Douglas."

And she went out, followed by Susette.

Of course, Nora could not sleep that night, after this event. She retired, as usual, but did not close her eyes, though nearly worn out with constant watching, in spite of her assertions to the contrary.

About two o'clock, the door softly opened. Nora heard the sound, but dared not stir. There was a moment's dead silence, and then cautious footsteps stole over the floor, and Rose's white, ghastly face looked in at Nora, as she drew aside the velvet curtain with one hand.

"She sleeps," muttered the intruder, after listening eagerly a little while. "The drug has done its work. I am safe from her observation."

The deep, regular breathing which Nora had the presence of mind to sustain, might well have imposed upon her.

Nora had laid down in her clothes. She always did that. The instant Rose let the curtain fall into its place, she rose noiselessly from her couch, and took a stand where she could look into the chamber beyond.

Lifting one corner of the curtain, she saw Rose bend over the sick man, as if to assure herself that he, too, was sleeping. As if satisfied in this respect, Rose turned quickly to the stand, on which stood a glass of tamarind water to quench the invalid's thirst during the night.

Taking a small vial from her bosom, she dropped a portion of its contents into the glass, her face looking fairly fiendish as the lamplight fell upon it.

Then, with another long, steady scrutiny at the sick man's face, she glided noiselessly from the room.

Nora's own course was decided upon in an instant. There was an empty medicine bottle on the stand. She rushed forward, and poured the contents of the glass into this bottle, which she corked and hid upon her person.

She then carefully rinsed the glass, and refilled it with tamarind water from the pitcher.

Fortunately, Major Vaughn did not awake while all this was being done, and she was enabled to retire unquestioned. It was well, for her pallid face must have startled him. She laid down again and tried to sleep, as if nothing had happened.

Susette knocked at the door as soon as it was light the next morning.

"Whatever is going on?" she asked, in a scared whisper, "Miss Rose meant to drug or to kill you last night, I couldn't tell which. I saw her drop a white powder into your cup, but I changed the cup for a fresh one, before I brought up the tea."

Nora stepped quickly into the corridor and closed the door that Major Vaughn might not catch any part of the conversation, for he was now awake.

"Susette," she said, abruptly, "you will be true to me?" You will be faithful and silent still, no matter what you may see or hear?"

She was deadly pale, and there was something in her face that startled the maid.

"Oh, yes, yes, my lady. Don't be afraid to trust me."

"Have you the courage to do anything for me, and to further the cause of justice?"

"Anything, my lady. Only try me. Oh, for God's sake, what do you mean?"

"Listen, Susette, and don't utter a loud word. If you do, we are lost."

"What is it, my lady?" and the maid's lips grew white.

"Rose *did* try to drug me last night. You did me a great favor when you changed the cups. Be still on the alert, for we don't know what may happen. But I have not told you the worst. There are people in this house who are trying to poison your master."

Susette threw up her hands.

"Oh, my God! You don't mean Miss Rose? You can't mean——"

"Hush! Not a word more. There's work before us. It is no time for idle talk;" and Nora looked very grave and stern. "You *will* help me, Susette?"

"Yes, my lady. I told you so."

"Can you go to New York to-day, without having anybody to suspect I sent you?"

"Oh, yes. Miss Rose wants some trimmings. She spoke of sending me yesterday. I'll start directly, my lady, if you wish."

"Wait here. I will not be gone many minutes."

She went back into the little recess where she slept, and quickly did up the bottle containing the tamarind water in a small bundle.

Then she sat down and wrote a hasty note to a celebrated analytical chemist, whose address she knew, asking him to examine the contents of the bottle, and write her the result, sending his note by the messenger.

To this brief missive she signed the name of Theresa Valdini. For many reasons she did not care to use her own name, even in this case.

Folding and directing her note, she tied it to the package, and going out, gave them both to Susette.

"You must take this to its address yourself," she said. "And you are to wait for an answer."

"Very well, my lady. Is that all?"

"It is all. Go as quickly as you can, Susette. And remember that your mission is a very important one. God be with you."

They shook hands and parted. Nora saw that the maid went directly to her own room to dress herself for the journey.

"Have I done well in trusting her?" she thought.

There was no other resource. Mrs. Churchill had returned home, and she had no other friend to whom she dared apply in this emergency.

About ten o'clock, Rose came in to see Major Vaughn. Nora could see that she regarded him with a shivering sort of horror.

"Did you rest well, dear Uncle Douglass?" she asked.

"Better than usual, Rose."

"And you, Sister Theresa?" turning her flashing black eyes upon Nora's face, in the keenest scrutiny.

"I slept very soundly!" answered the latter, mentally praying that heaven would pardon the untruth.

Rose looked relieved. If she had felt any fears they were now set at rest. She did not remain long, however. I think the sight of her uncle was a great reproach to her.

Late in the afternoon, Susette returned from New York. She rapped at the door, as soon as she had removed her hat and scarf.

"Did you call, madam?" she asked.

"No," answered Nora.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you did."

A morsel of white paper fluttered to the floor as she spoke. She gave her mistress a quick, significant glance, then went away.

Nora secured the paper as soon as she could do so unobserved. It proved to be the answer the chemist had returned to her note. Crossing to the window, she ran her eyes quickly over it.

"The tamarind water sent for analysis, contains a subtle but deadly poison, very little known except in the scientific world," the note said. "Three doses, like the one submitted, would prove fatal to any man; the victim would die a painless death, with all the symptoms of heart disease, and even a post mortem examination could detect no traces of the poison."

Janet came in while Nora was reading the lines; the latter signed for her to approach.

"You were right in the suspicions you confided to me," she said, in a sharp whisper. "They are trying to poison your uncle! I have proof of it."

"Who?" gasped Janet, ghastly pale, and trembling all over.

"The same infamous wretches who stole the money from Major Vaughn's safe, and allowed him to suspect you of the theft."

Janet's eyes dilated wider and wider, and her very lips grew white.

"I know whom you mean," said she. "And they *did* try to throw suspicion upon me. I would not believe it then; but I know it now. Uncle Douglas distrusts me still, and, oh, my God, I dare not tell him the truth!"

She wrung her hands wildly, and then, shivering from head to foot, drew nearer her companion.

"What have you discovered?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Hush," said Nora, raising her finger in warning. "Don't ask me now. I can't tell you. But be ready to act at any time. Heaven only knows what may be wanted of you before this horrible business is over. We *must* save him."

"We will save him," answered Janet, between her close shut teeth.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

That very day, while events were hurrying on so rapidly to an end that must be peace or everlasting misery, an unexpected guest made his appearance at Rosewood.

It was Eugene Lennox. He came quietly up the drive through the summer twilight. Rose was out on the lawn—watching for Roland Dane, if the truth must be told—when she saw Eugene.

Of course she went forward to meet him. She could have done no less. But she frowned a little when she saw how haggard and worn he looked, for she knew he was grieving for another than herself.

"My dear Rose," he said, taking her hand, but offering no caress, "I know I have surprised you very much."

"Why did you come?" she asked, coldly.

"I heard of the misfortunes that had befallen this house," he said. "I could not remain away like an indifferent spectator. Besides I had something to say to you!"

"Indeed!" drawing herself up haughtily. "Pray what can you have to say to me, Mr. Lennox?"

A pained expression flitted over his face. He knew she was angry with him. She stood grinding the gravel with her pretty little boot, as if impatient to be away.

But he had come with the fixed intention of avowing everything. He would not suffer her displeasure to interfere with this determination.

"My dear Rose," he said, very gravely, "when I left Rosewood, you asked me why I went. I would not tell you, then. I could not—I thought it was not best. My conclusion was an unjust one—terribly unjust to you. I will tell you now."

"I don't wish to hear," she cried, angrily.

"You must hear. Rose, I went because this house was no longer a safe place for me. My heart was being turned from its allegiance to you. I am ashamed to confess it, but my conscience will not permit me to keep silent longer. I was learning to love another better than I loved you."

He would have said more, but Rose stopped him. She drew back a step or two, and lifted her head like a crested serpent, with flame in her eyes, and a scarlet spot burning in either cheek.

"Stop!" she screamed out. "How dare you come here with such a humiliating confession? If you think to grieve or vex me by it, you are mistaken. You have no power to do either. Here is your ring." And she flung it scornfully at him. "So ends the tie that bound me to you, and I thank God it is over."

He stood before her, white and startled at her vehemence. Slowly he once again put out his hand. She had flung it aside a few moments before.

"Rose," he remonstrated, "what are you saying? Hear me. I never meant to give you up. I would have proved a fond, true——"

"Be still!" she interrupted, angrily. "Don't you understand me? Then I will make my meaning clear enough." And she burst into a sneering laugh. "I don't love you—I never did! You have only precipitated the confession by your own conscientious course. My whole heart is given to another. Now go! I hope I may never see your face again!"

With rage in her heart, and these scornful words upon her lips, she turned and left him. She attempted no vindication of herself—she would not even give him the opportunity to explain himself more clearly.

That chain was snapped, and she was glad of it. She felt sure of Roland now—sure of a share in her uncle's princely fortune. Had she not schemed and suffered and sinned for it? The end was coming. She could afford to throw off the mask. She dared even to break her troth with such a rich prize as Eugene Lennox.

Her hand would go with her heart, when all was over.

The young man looked after her with wondering eyes. He was shocked, confounded. But a sense of inexpressible relief stole upon him. It was as if a great burden had been lifted from his heart—he did not pause to consider why. He only felt the sense of freedom, and rejoiced at it.

A little dazed and bewildered by what had happened, he fell to pacing up and down the gravel drive. The twilight fell purple and dim about him, and by-and-by a woman's figure, in the garb of a Sister of Mercy, came stealing over the lawn and drew near.

"Mr. Lennox," said this woman, "I wish to speak with you."

He started. That voice was perfectly familiar, but he could not see the shrouded face distinctly.

"Madam," he replied, "in what way can I serve you?"

Nora, for it was she, flung back the white barbette from her face with an impatient gesture.

"Look at me, Eugene Lennox, and tell me if you do not know who I am?"

"Madam, I do not."

"Is my disguise so perfect then? No wonder others have failed to penetrate it."

He drew nearer, gazing at her eagerly through the purple dusk.

"It can't be Mrs. Vaughn," he faltered.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Vaughn. I saw you from one of the upper windows. You are a good, true man, Eugene Lennox, and I have need of such a friend as you might prove. May I claim you as my friend?"

There was a mournful cadence in her voice, and she stood gazing at him earnestly.

Of course he could not feign to misunderstand what she meant.

"Yes, I will be your friend, gladly, Mrs. Vaughn. I know you stand in sore need of me."

She caught his hand impulsively in both her own.

"You speak kindly, feelingly," she cried. "Can it be that you believe in my truth and innocence, despite all that is being said of me?"

"I know you are a wronged, unhappy woman. I cannot tell who has wrought your misery, but I feel sure treachery has been at work."

"Thank God, there is one who trusts me!" she exclaimed, almost hysterically. "Come, let us walk on a little further. I must tell you my simple story, and then I have a most shocking revelation for your ears."

She told him everything, in a voice that was stifled with sobs and moans of bitter anguish.

"You must help me," she said, at last. "Don't go away from Rosewood. For God's sake stay by me until we are assured of my husband's safety."

He promised readily enough. Indeed, he could not have gone after that revelation. He was sick with horror. His very brain seemed to be on fire.

"Heaven grant you may be mistaken in your dreadful suspicions," he said.

"There can be no mistake," moaned Nora. "It is all too true—too horribly true. But I shall feel stronger for knowing you are near, in case of emergency."

She dared not linger another moment. Rose might penetrate to the sick room during her absence, or she might be seen wandering here in the grounds.

With a few words of direction to Eugene, she hastily left him.

After a little, he turned and walked toward the house himself, filled with horrible conjectures.

This seemed to be an evening of surprises. He had reached the terrace steps, when a white-robed figure rose up suddenly and confronted him.

It was Janet.

"Mr. Lennox!" she cried out, sharply, recognizing him, in spite of the dusk.

"Janet! Why are you here?"

"My head ached. I could not stay in the house. It is too horrible there." He had taken her hand, and could feel how she trembled. "I thought I should feel better out here."

Her voice, too, was unsteady. He knew she must be suffering some intense mental agony.

In a moment all else was forgotten, and he had held her in his arms, close to his heart.

"Janet," he murmured, "my love! my life! look up and tell me all your sorrow! Let it be my privilege to comfort you!"

She struggled feebly in his embrace.

"Cruel, cruel!" she moaned. "Remember Rose—your duty to her——"

"That is over, thank God!" he said, "I am as free as air. Rose has broken our troth of her own will. Now hush, my darling, and let me tell you of the great happiness yet in store for us."

What could she say, with her heart beating so tumultuously against his, and her lips smothered in passionate kisses? But a great joy thrilled her soul.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A GRAND CLIMAX.

Nora went directly back to the house after that interview with Eugene Lennox. She met Janet on the steps, but merely nodded to her. She could not stop to tell her anything then. She had been away from her husband's room too long already.

"Janet and Mr. Lennox are sure to find each other without my help," she thought. "There's a magnetism which draws those who love each other together. God grant it may come all right yet, between those two aching hearts. Rose does not deserve Eugene—and I know she never intends to marry him, while poor Janet would sacrifice her very life to please him."

She little dreamed that within the hour all was to be peace and joy between the two in whom she was chiefly interested.

As she crossed the verandah, the sound of subdued voices reached her ears. Rose and Godfrey were in the library, whispering together. What new devilry were they planning?

The low French window stood open. Without the shadow of a scruple, Nora glided up to it, and crouched there in the purplish dusk, with her head on a level with the sill.

"Janet must leave this house!" she heard Rose say, in a sharp and hissing whisper. "I hate her! She and Eugene will find each other out, and be happy in spite of me, unless she goes. Go she must!"

"Fool!" muttered Godfrey, angrily. "Can't you wait two little days? It will all be over then."

"What will be over?"

"You know. *He* will be dead. The powder never fails to kill in three days, and he has had one dose already. Afterwards, you can order Janet out of the house as soon as you please."

He spoke in a low, hoarse voice that made the listener's blood run cold.

"The poison might fail," muttered Rose. "I do not see any change in Uncle Douglas as yet."

"If it does fail," said Godfrey, with a laugh and a bitter oath, "I swear that I'll take his life with my own hands!"

Nora did not wait to hear more. She rose up, sick with horror. Entering the house, she fell against the stair railings, trembling all over.

For some minutes she could get no further. But at last the utter desperation of the situation gave her a kind of courage. She went tottering up the stairs, and burst wildly into the room where Major Vaughn was lying. Some spell was upon her senses. For her life she could not have kept silent longer.

She dared not. The murder might be done under her very eyes! Let what would come of it, her husband must be warned of his peril.

She dropped on her knees beside the bed, and hid her face in the clothes. She was shaking all over, like one in an ague fit. Good God! if she should fail to convince him!

The fear took away her breath. She knelt there speechless. Great white beads of horror rolled off her forehead.

Major Vaughn raised himself on his elbow. He seemed startled, shocked. He put out one hand and gently laid it upon her head.

"My dear nurse," said he, "what is the matter? Why are you so distressed? Confide in me, and perhaps I can help you out of your trouble."

His words had one good effect—they recalled Nora to herself. She did not look up, but that terrible agitation subsided.

"The trouble concerns yourself," she said, in her assumed voice. "It is for you I grieve."

"For me?" surprisedly.

"Yes. Oh, how shall I tell you? How shall I convince you that I am speaking the truth?"

"I know you would not tell me a lie, nurse."

"I will tell you!" she cried, gasping for breath as the words fell, one by one, from her lips. "God will strike conviction to your heart! Listen! You are in peril of your life while you remain in this house!"

Major Vaughn stared at her as if assured she must have taken leave of her senses. He could not see her face yet, but he could see how she trembled.

"You are mad," he faltered.

"Oh, would that I were," she moaned. "But it is too true—too horribly true!"

She caught his hand suddenly. She covered it with her kisses and her tears.

"They shall not murder you!" she cried. "I'll stand between them and you until the very last! They shall not—they shall not!"

She was growing hysterical again. This would never answer. She rose up quickly.

"Don't betray me," she implored. "Don't let anybody—anybody, you understand—know what I have said to you."

"I will not," and he tried hard to see her face, but it was turned away from the lamplight. "You can trust me. I know you mean well enough."

"You will not disregard my warning?"

"I—I—think you are mistaken," he said, very faintly. "It can't be true. Who would seek to take my life here? There are only friends under this roof."

"It is true!" she cried out. "They mean to poison you! They tried to do it last night. But I was watching, and saved you."

The banker's eyes dilated with fear. Her earnestness was not lost upon him. Perhaps an inkling of the dreadful truth began to dawn upon his mind.

"Whom do you mean?" he whispered. "Who is trying to poison me?"

Nora was silent for a minute.

"Have you the courage to find out for yourself?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes, yes."

"Then compose yourself. Don't show that you suspect anything; and don't taste a morsel of food or drink this night that I do not give you."

"What else?" he said, a ghastly smile flickering over his lips. "I don't see how that would help me to the discovery I wish to make."

"You must watch and wait. Feign sleep, but watch and wait. You promise? You will be guided by me in this matter."

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's hesitation, "I promise. But——"

"Not a word more!" she said, retreating from the bedside. "You have promised to watch, and that is enough."

She sat down, as far away from him as she could get. He should not agitate himself by questioning her further. Besides, she dared not trust herself by his side any longer. She could scarcely keep back her tears and hysterical cries, as it was.

Major Vaughn lay very still and thoughtful. His face was quite pale, but a scarlet spot burned in either cheek. That was the only sign of excitement he betrayed.

An hour or two wore on. At last Rose entered, as she had done the night before, followed by Susette with the tea-tray. Major Vaughn started up in his bed. A strange expression flitted over his face, but was gone in an instant.

"Oh, it is you, Rose?" he said, quite calmly.

"Yes, dear uncle." Her smile was a very sickly one. "I am still playing the Good Samaritan for Sister Theresa's benefit. She is such a kind, faithful nurse to you, that I cannot see her lose her strength by these long vigils. I have ordered refreshments for her."

"I am glad you did, Rose."

Susette placed the tray on a table in the middle of the room. By a quick glance, she gave her mistress to understand that she need not be afraid to touch what was on it.

Nora approached, trying hard to look and act as usual.

"I am both hungry and thirsty to-night," she said. "Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness, Miss Carrington."

Rose watched her covertly, to be sure she drank the tea. Aware of this scrutiny, Nora drained the cup, as she had done the night before. She even ate a little of the toast, though every mouthful seemed to choke her.

At last Rose said good night, and went away. Susette took up the tray, and followed her out. When they were alone again, the banker looked eagerly at Nora.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" he inquired.

"Nothing more."

She arranged the medicine-bottles on the table, and then turned away.

"Good night, Major Vaughn," she said, quietly.

He answered her, then hid his face in the pillow with a long-drawn sigh, as of disappointment. There was something odd in his behavior. Nora observed it, and wondered a little.

She retired to the recess where her bed had been made up, and threw herself upon it, drawing the covers closely about her. Rose must not see that she was dressed, when she made her midnight visit.

The hours wore on. At last the door opened softly—oh, so softly! Nora would not have heard it at all but for the fact that she was listening for such a sound.

There was a brief delay, and then Rose glanced into the recess, as she had done before. After a moment's silent scrutiny, she turned away.

Nora arose, and stole to the curtain. Rose was standing over the banker's bed, with her ear close to his lips.

"He sleeps," she muttered, in an audible whisper. "There is nothing to fear from him. Even if he should awake, I could easily account for my presence in the room."

She took the tiny vial from her bosom, held it an instant towards the light, and then deliberately poured a few drops of the colorless liquid it contained, into the tamarind water, left on the stand within reach of the invalid.

Her face was awful to look upon, as she did this. If ever murder was written upon a human countenance, it was written upon Rose Carrington's at that moment!

Chuckling softly to herself, she was thrusting the vial back into her bosom again when a white, quivering hand closed suddenly upon it, and wrenched it from her grasp.

Turning, with a wild, wild shriek, she saw the sick man sitting bolt upright in the bed, staring at her with horror and fury in his looks.

"Fiend! murderess!" he cried, and flinging the vial behind him, caught hold of her arm, and clung to it with all his strength.

Rose tried to break away from him. She was white as a corpse, with her eyes glaring, and great beads of terror coming out upon her forehead.

"Mercy! mercy!" she shrieked, and looked as if she would gladly have brained him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

THE SPECTRAL BANQUET.

BY C. R. ROBERTSON.

Within a half a mile of Bacharach, on the borders of the Rhine, may be seen the remains of a rude Gothic town. It is now little else than a crumbling heap of stones, which are partly hidden by the tall, wood-covered hills which skirt the river, so that, likely enough, it often escapes the observation of the tourist. There is, however, a legend connected with this apparently insignificant memorial of past age, which it will be my pleasing task to relate.

Its earlier possessor is said to have been a haughty, though courtly and valiant knight, named Gattlier Britzman, unto whom it was presented by the celebrated Frederick Redbeard, at the termination of a desperate border fray. Faction fights were of frequent occurrence in those days, and those who took part in them were not unfrequently rewarded pretty handsomely for their assistance by the victorious party. Such appears to have been the case in the present instance. Britzman was bold and fearless in the field; he had defended the emperor against a band of spearmen at a critical moment, and hacked and hewed his way through the opposing host with a courage and resolution which won for him the well-merited praise of the renowned Redbeard, who thereupon knighted his brave champion, presenting him at the same time the building which was afterwards known as Britzman Hall.

Now, there dwelt not many leagues from the last-named place, and in the same period, a brave and generous baron, called Anton Sigendorf, between whom and Sir Gattlier a very close intimacy had long subsisted; indeed, the two were such excellent companions, that they seemed unhappy when apart; so that one half of the year was generally passed by the baron at the hall, and the other half by Britzman at his friend's house at Bacharach.

A separation, therefore, betwixt them, even for the space of a single day, was a thing of rare occurrence.

Their friendship, as often happens, originated in a manner the most unlooked-for. Sir Gattlier Britzman was hunting in an adjacent forest. Being flushed with success, he imprudently chose to pursue his game into a dark and wild recess, and ere he could withdraw himself from its bewildering maze, a savage wolf, of a more than ordinary size and ferocity, sprang suddenly from among the tangled underwood which beleaguered his path upon the neck of his steed, and, fastening on the shoulder of its rider, bore him in an instant to the ground. The impetuous huntsman was in imminent peril, being at the mercy of his voracious assailant. At this moment a shaft came whistling through the leaves, aimed with such truth and precision, that it struck the ravenous monster full in the forehead, when he instantly relaxed his hold, and dropped dead by the side of his intended victim. In another moment, he who had done such good service in the hour of need presented himself, accompanied by two of his attendants, and proffered assistance to the wounded knight.

"By the mass, but thou hast had a very narrow escape, my friend!" said the baron to Britzman. "A minute more, and you ugly brute would doubtless have fastened on thy throat."

Then, perceiving that the man whose life he had saved was bleeding from a frightful gash in the shoulder, he proceeded at once to bind up the wound with his scarf, with the promptitude and dexterity of one well used to such misadventures.

"Thanks, good sir, a thousand thanks for this timely service," said Sir Gattlier. "So! I am better now! It is my own fault. I had no right to venture thus far without companions or followers."

"It is fortunate for you that the game attracted us to the spot, or you grizzly monster would scarce have been disappointed of his feast."

"Thou sayest truly; and I know not how to express my sense of gratitude for the unlooked-for assistance I have received," ejaculated Sir Gattlier, grasping the hand of the other with sudden warmth. "We have met as strangers, under singular circumstances; let us be friends hereafter. Permit me to inquire whom I am so deeply indebted to? Let me know the name of the skillful marksman to whose unerring aim I owe my life?"

"You are too complimentary," observed the other. "As to my name, it is Anton Sigendorf."

"Full oft have I heard of a gallant warrior of that name," said Sir Gattlier. "The remembrance of this day will never be effaced from my memory. But I feel weak and faint just now, and pray, therefore, that you conduct me to my castle by the river side. My wound is painful, and requires immediate attention."

A close intimacy succeeded this event, which appeared to increase daily; yet, strange to tell, it had not lasted more than a year, ere it was suddenly converted into the most rancorous and deadly hate, which serves to show the incertitude of all human passions.

Sir Gattlier Britzman, during his stay at his friend's chateau in Bacharach, became greatly enamored of the baron's daughter, insomuch that he at length besought her hand in marriage.

The young lady in question was in the full flush of youth and beauty, and was sufficiently charming to awaken a feeling of admiration, or, it might be, love, in the heart of the most phlegmatic person. In addition to this, she was endowed with a nature peculiarly tender and fascinating.

Sir Gattlier, as we have already noted, was haughty; indeed, at times, he might be called arrogant, self-willed, and overbearing. He seemed to be possessed of an inherent disposition to domineer and tyrannize, and his temper would break out upon the most frivolous occasions. His character was pretty well known to most persons in the neighborhood of Bacharach; for, as a natural consequence, his domestics and retainers did not fail to paint him in truthful colors to the gossips of the village.

The character of Sir Gattlier did not entirely escape the observation of the baron, who, however, formed a much more favorable estimate of his friend than did his daughter, the fair and gentle Martha.

His child's happiness was paramount; and, therefore, at her instigation, he determined upon rejecting the suit, which he did, with all becoming courtesy.

When Britzman found that his offer of marriage was distinctly but politely refused, all the vindictive passions of his nature became aroused. He stood, surrounded by his numerous and splendidly clad retinue, without the baron's chateau at Bacharach, in the full expectation of receiving a favorable answer. Upon finding the contrary to be the case, his visage, naturally dark and morose, wore a savage expression, his eyes flashed with indignation, and in a deep, emphatic voice, he exclaimed:

"Woe unto a descendant of my name who shall mate with the house of Sigendorf!"

At Sir Gattlier's death the castle on the Rhine devolved to Sir Marcus, his son, and from him to another, and so on till it fell to Sir Winhold, the hero of this legend, and the eighth successor to Sir Gattlier.

It will, however, be necessary to note, that each successor had paid the most religious observation to the words uttered by Sir Gattlier, and therefore was it that the feud between the houses of Britzman and Sigendorf had been kept up from father to son, until it descended in regular rotation from Sir Gattlier until it reached Sir Winhold, who was a young man of quite a different mould to his predecessors, every one of whom had inherited to the fullest extent the haughty and overbearing disposition of Sir Gattlier, statues of whom, clad in their heavy sable armor, decorated the walls of the huge banqueting-room.

Winhold himself presented a singular and marked contrast. Arrogance and contumely, the leading characteristics of his ancestors, had in his disposition no share whatever. He was of a mild and unobtrusive nature, albeit he was valiant enough when occasion required it, and his features generally wore a pleasant, good-humored expression; and it is a singular circumstance that a similar incident to that which was the original cause of the first transitory friendship between the two houses, ultimately resulting, as we have already seen, in an implacable hatred, should be the cause of a strict and lasting intimacy springing up between Sir Winhold and the then existing Baron Sigendorf. Still more strange was it that not only was the old feud condoned and forgotten, but, to cement their intimacy still closer, Sir Winhold proposed to and was accepted by the sister of Shindel Sigendorf.

Now, it was rumored among the vassals of Britzman Hall, that, during a hunt, which had but recently taken place in the adjoining forest, a voice was heard to exclaim, in a hollow and sepulchral tone:

"Woe unto the Britzman who shall wed with a daughter of the house of Sigendorf!"

Sir Winhold, at that moment, was urging his steed through a heap of furze and long, tangled weeds which skirted a dark and gloomy morass, and which required his utmost skill to pilot his way safely through, for the moon, which had been riding high in the heavens, became ever and anon obscured by scudding clouds.

As the mysterious words rang loudly on his ear, a silver stream of moonlight flooded the dismal swamp, and revealed a tall, grizzly figure wading slowly through it, which many declared to have been a perfect resemblance of Sir Gattlier's effigy in the banquet-hall of Britzman. The vision, however, was but momentary, and the scene became again enshrouded in profound darkness, when the bugle of Sir Winhold brought the Baron Sigendorf to his assistance, for a savage and gigantic wolf had fastened on his steed. This was the origin of the friendship of the eighth descendant of Britzman with the young and chivalrous scion of the house of Sigendorf.

It was looked upon by both young men as the signal that all animosity between the two houses should be then and there buried, and they exchanged vows of mutual friendship for the future.

It was on the evening of the day which saw the nuptials of the heir of Britzman, that a princely assemblage of knights and dames, gorgeously attired, illumined with their presence the vast and splendidly decorated hall of the gay and courtly Sir Winhold. The jeweled goblets of burnished gold were quaffed again and again to the health and happiness of the newly wedded pair. The jest went round, songs and music beguiled the rosy hours, and the richly-groined roof rang repeatedly with the names of the noblest and fairest in Germany.

All went on as merrily as a marriage-bell; and no one person in that goodly assembly thought how soon the clang of the bell might be changed to notes of mourning.

Thus, amid mirth, beauty, and conviviality, sped the greater part of that night, till, at length, the festivities grew languid. The most mercurial spirit must tire, and the sunniest eye diminish of its brightness. Some of the guests proceeded to the chambers allotted to them; and others, whom wine and wassail had rendered sluggish and drowsy, slumbered in their seats, while the numerous flambeaux, which had hitherto blazed with unmitigated splendor, began now to shed a dim, uncertain, and ghastly light.

The bride had retired with her maidens, after receiving the embraces and good wishes of the ladies who were present for her future happiness. Sir Winhold, who had been throughout the night in the best of spirits, and apparently hopeful for the future, now became thoughtful and silent. Those around endeavored to cheer him by an excess of mirth and jollity, which appeared to be forced, and, at that time, a little unnatural. More goblets were drained—additional toasts were drunk with boisterous hilarity; and then, one by one, the remaining guests took their departure. Still the bridegroom kept his seat beneath a superb canopy at the head of the festive board. A deep and impressive silence succeeded to the late uproarious mirth. The minstrels lazily sounded their instruments, which appeared to be harsh and tuneless to the ears of the Lord of Britzman, who ordered them to cease. Upon this, they arose, and took their departure.

"So! That is well!" said Sir Winhold, when they had left the banquet-hall. "I'm weary of their playing. Hark! what was that?"

One of his retainers went to a window of the hall, and said, in a low tone, "A storm is blowing up, I fear, my lord."

"Who talks of fear?" exclaimed the knight, in a tone so unlike his own that those around him started and exchanged significant looks. "Dost hear me, sirrah?" said Sir Winhold. "Who is there in Britzman Hall that dares talk of fear?"

"Oh! your pardon; and please——"

"Silence! No more!" interrupted the knight. "Are all our friends gone?"

"Yes—all; save those who have gone to rest for the night," answered an old and faithful domestic of the family.

"Gone so soon?" muttered the bridegroom—"so soon? And I am left alone!" He buried his face in his hands, and was for some time lost in thought. Nevertheless, he did not attempt to move from his seat.

"We've had a merry night," said the old servitor, who was more in his master's confidence than any other retainer of the household.

"What say you, Nicholaus—merry? Oh, yes, very merry!" ejaculated his master, with a mocking laugh. "You fellows would like the time to come over again, I daresay!"

No one ventured to make any reply to this speech. A dead silence succeeded for some time. All the serving-men left the hall, with the exception of the old man, who awaited the commands of his lord.

Presently, the boom of the midnight breeze, heralding the storm which every moment threatened to burst, was heard distinctly among the clustering foliage of the ashen, beech, and linden trees in the gardens of the tower, accompanied by the waves of the Rhine, dashing with angry violence on the huge crag at its base.

Bright and repeated exhalations had been observed for some time playing upon the hot and turbulent horizon. They grew more vivid, and illumined the lancet window immediately fronting the canopy beneath which Sir Winhold sat.

"Heavens! what a night!" exclaimed Nicholaus. "Shall I close the shutters, my lord?"

"No; I will abide here till the storm has passed away."

"Here!" ejaculated the old man, in a tone of surprise.

"Assuredly—here! I speak sufficiently plain, do I not?"

"Oh, yes, my lord; but——"

The speaker was suddenly interrupted. The storm, which had long threatened, broke forth at once with unparalleled fury, accompanied in its onset by a wild and searing flash, which shivered the painted window to atoms, and lighted up the hall with indescribable brilliancy.

Sir Winhold, notwithstanding his general fearlessness, seemed at once petrified with terror.

"Oh, my lord, let us retire from this cheerless place," said the old man.

"You may go, if it so please you," returned his master. "As for myself, I dare not."

"Dare not?"

"No; I have not the power to move, even if I had the will."

Sir Winhold pointed with his finger to the centre of the apartment.

The old man looked at his master and shook his head mournfully. A still more vivid flash, like a flood of lurid light, illumined the old banquet-hall with an unearthly splendor; this was succeeded by a series of peals of thunder, which seemed to shake the walls of the castle, and threaten immediate destruction.

Nicholaus was prostrated on the oaken floor of the hall, where he remained for a considerable time, stunned and motionless. What followed after this is best known to the seneschal of Bacharach. He described the scene in a most graphic and circumstantial manner. According to his statement, he remained in a state of unconsciousness for some time. Upon recovering his senses, which dawned upon him very gradually, his first thought was for his master, whom he beheld, much to his astonishment, still seated at the head of the table, beneath the canopy already alluded to, but the old man was paralyzed with fear upon observing the spectral guests then present. Nicholaus declared that he distinctly saw the hideous phantom of the swamp, dilated to a most formidable size. His attitude was decidedly menacing, and his large, red, grinning eyes were fixed intently on Sir Winhold. This was bad enough, being, in itself, sufficient to shake the nerves of any ordinary mortal; but a more appalling discovery was in store for the knight's faithful domestic, who, upon looking round the walls of the apartment, found, to his horror, every recess vacated by the ancestors of his master. The effigies of the deceased knights were seated round the table, and their heads were turned in the direction of the canopy beneath which Sir Winhold sat.

It appeared to be a sort of ghostly banquet, which partook somewhat of the character of that which we have most of us seen represented on the stage in the banquet or supper scene in "Don Giovanni."

Nicholaus was so overcome with terror that he durst not move. Not a word was exchanged between his master and the strange, unearthly guests. All was silent as the grave. The storm had passed over, but the silence of the hall, peopled as it was with phantoms, was more terrible, so the old man averred, than the war of the elements. He strove to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his limbs shook like one who was suddenly stricken with palsy. At length, after making desperate efforts to break the spell which seemed to be upon him, he succeeded in pronouncing one word, this being the name of his master. Upon this, all the phantoms suddenly vanished. The niches in the walls were no longer empty; as if by magic, they were filled with the respective occupants—the several representatives of the House of Britzman. Upon this, Nicholaus took heart of grace, and with tottering footsteps, contrived to reach the end of the table, and look into the face of his master, then, uttering a deep groan of anguish and despair, the affrighted seneschal precipitately fled from the banquet-hall.

* * * * *

The morning sun, streaming into the apartment, discovered Sir Winhold sitting erect in his seat, though quite dead. His features were livid and frightfully distorted, which many imputed to the lightning, though others confidently asserted that a wicked demon had set his mark upon him, the rather that they affected to trace a few unintelligible cabalistic characters which had the appearance of being branded on the forehead. People differed in their opinion as to the manner of his death. Some were inclined to believe that the departed knight had been struck by lightning, whilst others—and these were by far the most numerous—insisted upon the agency of demons, whose malign influence had been evoked by the spirits of Sir Winhold's ancestors. It will, perhaps, be needless to add that Nicholaus, who pertinaciously insisted upon the truth of his statement in respect to the ghostly guests, gave credence to the story of the demon.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A SOLUTION OF GUM ARABIC will remove dirt and stains from marble. Let it remain till it dries, when it will peel off or can be washed off.

HOUSEKEEPERS will find the appearance of old wall-paper very much improved by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in dry Indian meal. It removes the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread are equally efficacious.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BOOKS.—Lay upon the spot a little magnesia or powdered chalk, and under it the same; set on it a warm flatiron, and as soon as the grease is melted it will be all absorbed and leave the paper clean.

A GOOD WALNUT STAIN for wood is composed of water, one quart; washing soda, one and a half ounces; Vandyke brown, two and a half ounces; bichromate of potash, one-quarter of an ounce. Boil for ten minutes and apply with a brush, either hot or cold.

TO MAKE CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Take one-quarter pound of chocolate, one-quarter pound of butter, three-quarters pound of brown sugar, one teacup of milk, one teacup of molasses. Boil together until it will harden when dropped in water, take off and stir in a tablespoonful of vanilla essence, then pour into long pans, stripe, and set to cool.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER OBJECTS.—Alabaster objects are liable to become yellow by keeping, and are especially injured by smoke, dust, etc. They may be, in some measure, restored by washing with soap and water, then with clear water, and polished with shave-grass. Grease spots may be removed either by rubbing with talc powder, or oil of turpentine.

THE SPOTS ON WHITE GOODS.—Wet the spots of iron rust on muslin or white dress goods thoroughly with lemon juice, then lay in the hot sun to dry. Repeat the same if the color is not removed by one application. When dry, rinse in clear, cold water. Lemon juice cannot be used on colored goods, as it will take out printed colors as well as stains. It will remove all kinds of stains from white goods.

TO MAKE APPLE BUTTER.—The best apple butter is made by peeling, coring and slicing selected sweet apples and stewing them in sweet cider. Very little of this sort of apple butter, however, comes to market. The bulk of that sold is made from second-rate apples, peeled, sliced and stewed, and sweetened with brown sugar. A large quantity of such butter is made and sold for ship's stores for use by the sailors.

TO EXTRACT LAMP OIL.—If lamp oil is spilled on a dress that will not be injured by wetting, lay it immediately in a tub of cold water. A portion of the oil will be shortly seen to rise on the surface; then pour off the water, replace it with fresh, and still more oil will be seen floating on the top. Again pour off the water, and fill the tub anew; repeating the process till no more oil can be discovered on the surface. Then take out the dress, wring it well, dry and iron it. No washing is necessary.

CHAPPED HANDS and skin cracks are entirely unnecessary even in the coldest weather if proper care is observed. Most of the so-called toilet soaps are caustic, or full of ley, and act very injuriously upon the skin. Genuine castile soap is almost wholly neutral, and is the best for washing with. By rinsing the hands entirely free from every trace of soap, and wiping them thoroughly before going out chaps may be avoided; any that do appear can be cured by rubbing the affected parts with cold cream, or, what is the same thing, common lard, before retiring.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The recipe is that of M. Casar, a French physician: Take two tablespoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime, mix it with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed and frequently renewed. The chlorine gas possesses the power of decomposing this tremendous poison, and renders mild and harmless that venom against whose resistless attack the artillery of medical science has been so long directed in vain. It is necessary to add that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite.

A GOOD REMEDY FOR GALLS.—A good application for a gall of any kind, whether it be on a horse, an ox or a man, is prepared and used as follows: Thoroughly mix olive oil, one ounce, and carbolic acid, one drachm. Wash the parts clean three times a day and apply the ointment to the ulcer. It frequently happens that a horse's feet become bruised or injured, causing lameness. For injuries of this kind, as well as for split hoof, great relief is afforded by standing the animal on wet blue clay—even common earth is much better than hard plank floors. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE British tax on male servants yields a revenue of more than one million dollars annually.

UMBRELLAS are now made with an oval pane of glass inserted in the front breadth, through which anything approaching may be seen.

DECORATIONS are plentiful in Berlin. The German Crown Prince has no less than fifty-eight stars and crosses which he is entitled to wear; Prince Bismark has no less than forty; Counts Moltke and Roon have thirty-nine each.

IT is said that onions certainly increase the fragrance of flowers, and that if a large onion is planted near a rosebush, so as to touch its roots, the odors of the flowers will be wonderfully increased, and the water distilled from these roses far superior to any other.

AN agreeable little engine of war has been invented by a French artillery officer—an *obusier a la main*, which can be carried on the shoulder by the aid of a strap, as it only weighs fourteen pounds. The projectile is a shell of one pound weight, containing nine balls.

ROTTEN boroughs have not entirely disappeared from the British Parliamentary distribution. Several English boroughs have less than one thousand voters, and an Irish borough (Portarlington) had only one hundred and thirty-six voters at the last election.

QUEEN VICTORIA and the ex-Empress Eugenie have recently made an interchange of gifts. The queen sent the latter a copy of Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," and received in return a finely-bound copy of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III."

A BRAZILIAN lady is creating a great sensation in Paris. She has a yellow carriage, and the wheel hubs are of solid gold. The servants connected with the turnout number four, two in the box, and two in the rumble. The harness is gold tipped, and the horses are thoroughbreds.

A GIGANTIC swimming bath, composed of iron, and roofed in, with plate glass, has been moored in the Thames at London. The water that is admitted to it flows through a thick bank of charcoal, and is so effectually filtered, that it sparkles and glistens as if it were drawn from an artesian well.

SPELLING matches are in vogue this winter in Ohio, taking the place of other entertainments for grown folks. One in Springfield was held in a large hall, was attended by a thousand persons, and the wife of a leading lawyer took the prize, which was a finely-bound dictionary. In many instances refreshments are sold, the profits going to churches or charities.

ANNA DICKINSON describes the new society bow, as executed by Washington ladies. She says that to bend the head, except to acknowledged superiors, is out of fashion. The lady looks you coolly in the face, smiles as sweetly as she can, and gently inclines her head toward the right shoulder, with a little backward movement at the same time. A slight, Frenchy shrug heightens the effect.

IN a space of ten years, not much less than two millions of British subjects have left their native land. Some went to Australia, some to Canada, and more came to the United States. Until lately the Irish emigrants were in excess of the English and Scotch. Since 1860, however, the respective ratios are reversed. During that year Great Britain sent forth eighteen thousand more emigrants than Ireland, and in 1872 this excess was even more marked.

THE new postal cards will be unlike those now in use. The color will be violet blue. The border, and all directions as to where and how to write name and address, will be dispensed with. A monogram formed of the letters "U. S." will be printed on the card in black ink. This will be on the upper left-hand corner, across which will be the words, "Postal Card." The vignette—Liberty, with her luxuriant tresses hanging down her back and confined by a cap—adorns the upper right-hand corner. The new cards will be identical in size with the old ones. They will cost one dollar and thirty-nine cents a thousand to manufacture, and will be ready for delivery about the middle of April.

THE streets of the city of Paris are, without exception, the cleanest of any city in the world. Every street is swept, partly by machinery and partly by hand, every twenty-four hours. The work is done mostly between midnight and eight o'clock in the morning, during which time the fountains are opened, and the gutters filled for an hour or two with pure water, a measure often repeated during the day, according to the requirements of the season. It is not regarded as an extraordinary efficiency, and any dereliction or inefficiency would be a matter of surprise. The cost to the city, after deducting $120,000 received from the contractor for the sweepings, is $170,000 per annum. These sweepings, for which the contractor pays $120,000, net him a clear profit of $48,000 per annum.

THERE are in London square miles of newly-built houses that are but gilded traps to catch tenants in. The English law seems expressly designed to favor the process. It requires the tenant to leave the house in as good repair as he found it, which commonly means, such being the quality of the work, rebuilding it in part, and may mean rebuilding entire. Of the latter an example: A London carpenter hired a house of a bishop, and one day it literally tumbled down over his head. Luckily escaping alive, he wrote to the bishop and made him acquainted with the event, supposing that the latter would, of course hasten to build the house anew. No answer was returned, and he wrote again, saying, "I am paying house rent, with no house; will your lordship please attend to the matter at once?" The bishop now replied, and the response was, "If the house has fallen down, you are to rebuild it, not I. Please do so promptly, and see that the work is properly done." The astonished carpenter took legal advice, found that the law indeed required this of him, and had to expend the earnings of his life to the last penny in complying with its demands.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, April 3, 1875.

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Correspondents' Bureau.
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NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

Will be commenced

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OR,

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and we are confident will prove itself exceedingly popular among our many readers.

ANOTHER PICTURE!

We will give away to every purchaser of The Saturday Evening Post, No. 37, issued next week, a copy of a beautiful picture, in colors, entitled,

"What Are The Wild Waves Saying?"

The artistic beauty and finish of color and design of this picture will ensure for it a great success.

THE POWER OF A WORD.

Did you ever think how much power is vested in a word? It may have caused but little exertion on your part to utter it. Only a single breath may have been required to waft it from your lips to the ears of your listener, but when once spoken, it was past recall. It revealed the secret motives and brought to light the hidden thoughts of your heart. Ah! the word may have been a thoughtless one spoken in an unguarded moment; but it left its impress, and may be remembered long after your voice is hushed, and you are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Perhaps the word was an unkind one, harshly spoken, and accompanied by a cold, chilling look, which cast a gloomy shadow over some loving, sensitive heart. Perhaps it was one of malice, envy, or deceit, and enkindled a bitter feeling of resentment which will live on and on while memory lasts; or it may have been a cheerful, pleasant, loving word, proceeding from a heart brimful of the purest kindness, which fell like sweetest music on the listening ear, touching a hidden chord in the soul, which will ever respond in strains of love and harmony. Perchance it may have been a word of sympathy or encouragement, spoken in tenderest accents, so that very word may have scattered the clouds, dispelled the gloom, and diffused sunshine into the heart well nigh crushed beneath its burden of woe.

Words may seem but little things to us, but they possess a power beyond calculation. They swiftly fly from us to others, and though we scarcely give them a passing thought, their spirit lives. Though they are as fleeting as the breath that bore them, their influence is as enduring as the heart they reach. Ah! well may we guard our lips, so that none grieve in silence over words that we have carelessly dropped. Well may we strive to scatter loving, cheering, encouraging words to soothe the weary, and awaken the nobler, finer feelings of those with whom we daily come in contact. Well may we endeavor to use right words, for they are indeed precious. How they endear each to the other. Though they cost the speaker nothing, they are more valuable than diamonds, and shed a brighter lustre on all around.

THE CHARACTER OF A WOMAN.

Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman *as a woman*, and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

Pity the poor, the shabby, the ugly and the suffering, and do not sneer at them. All ways of life are weary enough, and mercy is like the gentle rain from heaven — and very sweet to a tired soul.

THE LENGTHENING CHAIN.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

I am thinking dearest, thinking,
And the past and present linking
In my heart.
In the chain of pure affection
I can find no imperfection
By my art.

I am going backward, going,
And the links are warmly glowing
'Neath my touch.
They're not rusted dearest, rusted,
For with heart in heart we trusted
Always much.

When the loving chain first bound us,
Merely children then it found us
By the way.
I remember my objection,
How I pulled the wrong direction
And said nay.

How I thought I chains detested,
Even while my flushed cheek rested
On your breast.
I am drinking dearest, drinking
From the memory goblet, thinking
It is best.

For the wine of life's outflowing,
And it drop by drop is going
To the dust.
In the untried future, dearest,
I will still, still be your nearest
We will trust.

For the chain will but be lengthened,
And by greater tension strengthened;
Such is love.
It will never dearest, never,
But will closely bind forever
When above.

I must slumber dearest, slumber,
And the life drops you may number
Till I wake.
O those tender, longing kisses,
How I'll miss them 'mid the blisses
Of daybreak.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER THREE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

She died this morning in a tenement fourth story back, and this afternoon all that was left of her was put into a pine box and given a pauper burial.

And so her story ended with the week.

Just how full of suffering and tears it has been, is known only to God and the angels. They have listened to every word of every chapter, told by days and years, and, it may be, are listening yet, though the book is finished now—finished and laid away, and over all is the seal of silence and a world's forgetfulness.

Who was she? Nobody knows.

Once she was some happy mother's darling, kissed and cooed over, as mother's darlings are the wide world over.

Later on she might have been the joy and the light of a good man's home, rearing his children well and wisely.

But of this we cannot know. They said that in her dead, cold hand this morning they found a lock of flossy hair clasped close, as if in very fear that it might be lost, somehow, and on her breast a scrap of yellow paper bearing the one word, "Jamie."

A month ago she had rented the fourth story back room (coming nobody knew nor cared from where), paid for it in advance, and had lived since then, nobody knew nor cared how.

The month ended to-day, and the room is vacant.

Was she glad to go, I wonder? In that long night of her earthly life was she treading once again the green fields of a beautiful youth, garlanding its roses and eating of its golden fruits? Did the light of happy innocent days steal slowly over her fevered brows and into her homeless heart? Did she forget the ruin that years had wrought—ruin of body, if not of soul—and go singing with the brooks and birds over moss-grown, sunny ways, as bright and pure as they?

Was she dreaming again in some wild woodland nook, her hands about her knees, and in her eyes, blue as the violets on every slope, the first shy outlook of her heart's young love? Was the old life of sorrow lost from her memory, and did it keep, tenderly, at the last, the old life of delight?

Who shall answer, since only up in heaven is the secret surely known!

And who was "Jamie?" Lover, husband or child? The look of hair was such a tiny one! It *will* link itself in my thoughts with dimpled baby cheeks, reaching baby hands, baby helplessness (yet helpful), and deathless mother-love.

Where was he last night? Was he in the body, thinking of her, or in the spirit, thinking and waiting, too?

We shall never know, and it does not matter now.

The little lock of hair was folded inside the folded hands, when over them, this afternoon, was heaped hastily and carelessly the clay of the pauper yard; and the secret of both was folded down there, too.

God knows. That is enough.

But for us—for you and for me—is there no lesson to be learned from this lone woman's death and burial?

Perhaps she was your neighbor once; perhaps she was mine. If so, could it be said of us—we did what we could to uphold to comfort and to help?

The world is full of such as she. They look up at us with sad, beseeching eyes from the desolate places into which chance of birth or fate has cast them, and out of which we might possibly lift them if we would. But do we pause, or heed or care? And a word of sympathy, of faith in them, would go far toward making them worthy of both.

Some people are born bad, but more are doing the bad because they cannot find the good, and there is none to take them by the hand, and, by kindness, lift them up to thoughts of better living, and to deeds of better fame.

We do not mean to neglect the doing of any duty, and we give of our money the much or the little that we can.

But we are so self-absorbed—so forgetful that it is not money alone the world's unfortunates need, but human sympathies, which are wells of living water in the arid wastes of life.

Tennyson says:

"We are puppets. Man in his pride and beauty
fair in her flower:
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed.
Ah, yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed."

And what a pity we cannot be kind to each other!

Over at the penitentiary the other day a young lad said to me:

"Nobody that was anybody ever noticed me at all, 'cept to say the devil was sure of me. No use disappointing 'em, you know."

"Not for your own sake?" I asked.

His great brown eyes dropped suddenly away from mine, and a faint little flush looked out for a minute from under his unkempt hair.

For a long time a silence was between us—a silence that I would not break, feeling it was good for him. When he spoke again, all the harsh, vagabond tones were lost from his voice, and it was low and gentle, almost musical.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"Because," I answered, stroking his hair as though I had been his mother—"because there is so much good in you. Because such a beautiful, noble, true manhood is waiting for you, only a little on—a manhood meant for you, and which may be your very own, if you do not thrust it from you."

"I've done that already."

I wish I could show you the look on the boy's face as he uttered these words, in a whisper that was almost a moan—a whisper that seemed meant only for his own heart, but which found a tearful way to mine. I wish I could make you feel the horrible despair of them, as I felt and feel it still.

You have said good night to your own little lads. Your neck yet feels the clasp of their small arms, and your lips the thrill of their kisses. They are such good boys—and you love them so!

You are very tired. The burdens of the week weigh heavily upon you, and you are glad to-morrow is the Sunday.

Will it be, indeed, the *Sun*-day in your home? the brightest, warmest, gladdest of the seven?

I hope so.

The shadow of the week is all that is left of it now, to the cold "half-world" without. It has been the hardest, to rich and poor, that rich and poor have known for years, and from each class the death-list has won many more than its usual number of names.

But not one is missing from your home, and comfort and plenty and peace and joy reign there together still.

God has been very good to you.

You do not think of that now, as if ever you sit stricken blind and dumb in the dark and in the storm. You will remember that you ought to have thought of it. You are so used to the ripple of the thousand rills of happiness that flash their bright faces into the heaven of your home, that you lose, sometimes, in the hurry and tumult of life, some of their sweetest remorse. And you think they will ripple on forever!

It may be so; but it may be, too, that ere another Saturday night comes darkling over the land, their tender melody will all be hushed (save that which lives in memory), and themselves transformed into the ice of death.

If so, you will be saying to yourself, as too many are saying to-night, "I might have made him happier!" and—

"I was never half worthy of you, Douglass!
Never half worthy the like of you.
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglass! Douglass! tender and true!
"Could you come back to me, Douglass! Douglass!
In the old likeness that I know"
I would be faithful and loving, Douglass,
Douglass! Douglass! tender and true!"

But they come not back. Why should they?

You have been sitting a long time, your cheeks in your palm, and your eyes on the fire, thinking, thinking. The clock strikes twelve. You rise quickly—you had not thought it was so late—and go softly up to where the lads are sleeping. You bend over them, shading the lamp with your hand, and thanking God that you know they are safe to-night.

Some time you cannot shield them from the rude things of life. They must take the places waiting for them "in the world's broad field of battle," and all you can do for them then, will be to pray for and to love them.

Now they are wholly yours!

You kiss them as they lie locked in each other's arms—kiss them over and over and over again. You kneel beside them, and you pray God to give you strength and patience and wisdom; to help you build up a wall of such holy memories in their hearts, that in the future no tide of sin or shame can over-rise or beat it down; to help you to be to them always, the one friend—next to Him—the fondest, truest, best; and to give them back to you "in the summer land of song."

* * * * *

The Sabbath-morning stars watch all the sleeping world. The winds are still. The fire is burned to a bed of smouldering coals. The canary, a little golden ball, is dreaming in his swing above the wires—and dreams are wooing me.

THEY SAY.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

There are those who, finding themselves unable to compete successfully with their fellow men for the golden bauble fame, think to gain an enviable notoriety by destroying our faith in the fame of others. They say that George Washington did not hack the cherry-tree with his little hatchet, 'twas some other boy; and we are left with hope that, like the rest of us, George would lie. They say that James Watt did not sit and watch the teakettle, and hold a spoon in the steam, and that his grandmother did not say to him, "Do move your chair out of the way, you lazy, lazy boy;" and we are left with the hope that either James had no spoon, his folks no teakettle, or else that he hadn't any grandmother. They say that Sir Isaac Newton did not see an apple fall to the ground, that Columbus did not discover America, that Shakspeare never wrote Shakspeare, that Adam was not Adam at all, and that the Bible is only a collection of beautiful stories and legends. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to repeat all they say, and, in truth, it is hardly worth repeating; for the names of Washington, and Watt, and Columbus, and Shakspeare, and Adam will live, and schoolboys will read and believe in the truth of the anecdotes by which they are best known and remembered, long after those who have assailed them shall have said their say, died their death, mouldered into dust, and have been forgotten.

The manner of giving has been said to show the character of the giver more than the gift itself; yet the character of the gift may often be of even more significance than the manner of giving. It is not the value of gifts in money that renders them precious to any but mercenary hearts.

The great man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from without and within, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces, and whose reliance on truth, virtue, and heaven is unfaltering.

ABOUT DREAMS.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Physics and metaphysics recoil equally from the mysteries of dreams, unconsciousness and death. Approaching either, they are stopped by the eternal, "Thus far—no farther," which awaits man everywhere. If we knew why or how dreams came to us, we should be able to explain the union of mind and matter, a thing not given to us to understand.

The chair of mental philosophy will instruct the curious that the mind dreams only when the body is waking, and crowds the events of years into as many seconds.

Against this theory is the fact of somnambulism, in all its forms, particularly in its mildest one, of talking during sleep, and that, too, with no signs of waking, but, on the contrary, with every indication of profound slumber, extending over a considerable interval of time. The law, therefore, just given, *ex cathedra* though it be, is clearly not invariable. The most that can be said for it is, that we sometimes dream while waking, and that the mind has an elasticity which admits of its seizing many impressions at one effort; the effect on the consciousness being that of the prolongation of time.

A similar result is sometimes produced by hasheesh. A young physician, who had been experimenting with the drug at a friend's residence, reached his own just as the dose began to act upon his perceptions. It took him but two minutes to open his gate, walk up the avenue, enter the house and go to his room; but it seemed to him that a young eternity was consumed in that brief proceeding. Had he been in a natural sleep, the seemingly long period would doubtless have been filled up by the dream history of a lifetime.

Not the least mysterious property of our night fancies is the one usually supposed to account for them, namely, their reflection of impressions made upon the mind by day, or even at the moment, for sleep, in reflecting these impressions, generally distorts them.

As when Mr. Wrinkle imagined himself at a club, the members of which defied the president's efforts to keep order, the rapping (which he actually heard) being produced by the chairmen of Mrs. Dowler, returning from a ball to find the house shut and everybody sound asleep.

Or, as in the case of a friend, not at all of a nervous temperament, who, sojourning at his country seat, and going early to bed for lack of other amusement, heard the cattle trampling and lowing round the house, and somehow got it into his head that a great white bull had made his way into the entry, and was coming upstairs; and fainted with terror as the monster entered his room.

When his senses returned to him, which they did next morning, he saw an explanatory object at his bedside. The house dog had come up to pay him a visit, and his dozing senses had magnified Watch's paws into the hoofs of the big white bull.

Rarely, indeed, do we dream of sound, unless we hear it.

We have yet to find the explanation of our own personal experience, of listening to the song, "There's nae room for twa," and waking at three o'clock in the morning in the midst of sepulchral stillness both indoors and out.

A popular fallacy about dreams is, that the reason is asleep like the senses. Yet perplexing problems have been solved, errors corrected, poems, pictures and stories imagined, and long forgotten facts recalled, during the nightly pilgrimage in dreamland. These instances, indeed, are exceptional; but so well known, that we need only refer to Coleridge's Kubla Khan, Bunyan's Pilgrim, the idea of which was doubtless suggested in a dream; and to the Scotch story, perfectly authentic, of the gentleman whose dead father appeared to him in a dream, and directed him where to seek for a lost paper of great importance. The son of a well-known dentist, imagined that having returned from a long absence in Europe, he called, professionally, on his father; who did not recognize him, till he began to examine his teeth, and met with his own workmanship. That this reasoning was correct, the dentist himself subsequently proved, by identifying a corpse, which he was called to view, on the very grounds suggested in the dream.

But the crowning wonder, in popular estimation, of our dreams, is their property of, sometimes, picturing future events, or giving clairvoyant exhibitions of unknown scenes and people. As it happens, however, this is really one of the least of the mysteries in the land of Nod. The following cases are both authentic, and both now for the first time put into print. A French lady, living near one of our Atlantic seaports, was in daily expectation of receiving, from Paris, her sister's portrait. While she was thus looking for it, a ship, which we will call the Xenophon, was wrecked, not far from her house; and sank, ere more than a few of her people could be rescued. That night, the lady dreamed that a messenger came to take her on board the wreck. Down she went with him into the cabin, and there saw a gentleman and his wife, strangers to her, who handed her the expected portrait. In the next letter from Paris was this sentence:

"I hope you liked my picture, which I forwarded to you by Mr. and Mrs. X., who sailed on board the Xenophon."

In this case the dream simply gave information of existing facts. In the one which we are about to relate, it proved to be a terribly verified prediction. One of the latest wealthy occupants of a once fashionable Philadelphia neighborhood was an old gentleman, noted in our streets for his adherence to old fashions, even in his dress. His household, at the period referred to, consisted of himself, his eldest son, "Mr. Dan," a grandchild, and the housekeeper, who was as much attached to the family as though she belonged to it. This housekeeper, to her great distress, dreamed that she was standing at the kitchen door, looking down the side yard, when the street gate opened, and five men came in, bearing among them the body of "Mr. Dan," who had fallen dead in the street, from heart disease. In a few weeks the dream was verified, even in its particulars.

Here, then, are two apparently inexplicable intimations of things previously unknown, which with the contrariness peculiar to dreams, admit of easy solution. The native mental powers of association and imagination will account satisfactorily for both. The waking thought of the French lady would have been, "Perhaps sister's portrait was on board the wreck;" that of the old housekeeper, "How dreadful if Mr. Dan should drop down, like the gentleman whose death was in this morning's paper!" Sleep made each mental suggestion a dream; and coincidence accomplished the rest. This property of our dreams is clearly that which the Bible represents as often Divinely overruled for the purposes of revelation.

The really unanswerable question about our dreamlife is: How happens it, that we dream at all? The only dreams, about the nature of which there is no question are day dreams; yet even they are as contrary as the Mistress Mary of the nursery rhyme, since of all kinds of dreams, they are, in one sense, the most questionable, leading to great waste of time, and seldom, if ever, coming true.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

There can be no doubt that a collection of the numerous superstitions which still linger among us would constitute a very interesting, though sometimes painful, field for thought and reflection. We will endeavor to place before our readers a few of the most popular connected with love and marriage which are still to be met with in some parts of England.

The common vervain at one time entered into the composition of various charms and philters. With many people it has the reputation of securing affection from those who take it to those who administer it. It was much valued by the Druids, and used by them in casting lots and foretelling future events. The plant was ordered by those ancient priests, "to be gathered about the rising of the dog-star, but so as neither sun nor moon be at that time above the earth to see it." With this charge also, "that before they take up the hearbe, they bestow upon the ground where it groweth, honey with the combs, in token of satisfaction and amends for the wrongs and violence done in depriving her of so holy a hearbe."

Old John Aubrey has a recipe whereby an Adonis or Venus might obtain a sight of the fortunate lover. "On St. Agnes' night, take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a *paternoster*, or the Lord's Prayer in English, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him, or her, you shall marry."

On St. Mark's Eve, the custom still lingers among the young maidens of Northamptonshire to make the *dumb cake*. The number of the party never exceeds three; they meet in silence to make the cake, and as soon as the clock strikes twelve, they each break a portion off to eat; and when done, they walk up to bed backwards, without speaking a word, for if one speaks, the spell is broken. Those that are to be married, see the likeness of the sweethearts hurrying after them. Those that are to die unmarried, neither see nor hear anything; but they have terrible dreams, which are sure to be of new-made graves, winding-sheets, and churchyards, and of rings that will fit no finger, or which, if they do, crumble into dust as soon as put on.

There is another dumb ceremony also, prevalent in Northamptonshire, of eating the yolk of an egg in silence, and then filling the shell with salt, when the sweetheart is sure to make his visit in some way or other before morning.

The more stout-hearted maidens have another ceremony which they practise. On St. Mark's Eve, they go in the evening and lay in the church porch a branch of a tree or flower, large enough to be readily found in the dark, and then return home to await the approach of midnight. They proceed to the porch again before the clock strikes twelve, and remain in it till it has struck; as many who choose, accompany the maid who took the flower or branch, and are to fetch it again as far as the church gate, and there wait till their adventurous companion returns, who, if she is to be married within the year, sees a marriage procession pass by her, with a bride in her own likeness hanging on the arm of her future husband; as many bridesmen and maidens as appear to follow her, so many months is the maid to wait before her marriage. If she is to die unmarried, then the expected procession is to be a funeral, consisting of a coffin covered with a white sheet, borne on the shoulders of shadows that seem without heads.

The young women of Scotland, in former times, determined the figure and size of their husbands, by drawing cabbages blindfold on All Hallow Even (or Hallowe'en, the 31st of October), and, like the English flinging nuts into the fire. It is mentioned by Burns that "the first ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out hand-in-hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. It being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question."

The Welsh have a play in which the youth of both sexes seek for an even-leaved sprig of the ash; and the first of either sex that finds and calls out *Cynher*, and is answered by the first of the other that succeeds; and these two, if the omen fails not, are to be joined in wedlock.

Burning the nuts was once a favorite charm in Scotland. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

In Ireland, when the young women wished to know if their lovers were faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If the nut cracked or jumped, the lover would prove unfaithful; if it began to blaze or burn, he had a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts flamed after the girl and her lover burned together, they would be married.

Eating an apple at a glass was another charm once in vogue:—"Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion *to be* will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder."

"Throwing a stocking" is a singular sort of love divination, on the first evening of a wedding. After the bride has retired, and while she is undressing, she delivers one of her stockings to a female attendant, who throws it at random among the company assembled on this occasion. The person on whom it happened to alight will, it is supposed, be the next to enter into the blessed state of matrimony.

The following superstitious customs still linger in the south of Scotland: The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold; to step on it, or over it, involuntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. On the same occasion a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride, which is also a rite of classic antiquity.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

Although the world is so changeful and uncertain, that quiet, amongst all its rarities, seems the thing most rare; there are many persons who appear to have more than they like of it, and are so impatient for novelty, that they are continually leaping out of the frying-pan of their own tormenting restlessness, into the fire of positive calamity. By changing, for the sake of change, they expect trouble to give them ease, and find out, to their cost, that the cure is worse than the complaint.

Doubtless, however, it is owing to the real exigencies of life, and it is when a change is unquestionably desirable, that the unfortunate transition from bad to worse, referred to in the proverb, is commonly made. And this arises frequently from a mistaken notion, induced by present suffering, that the evil which is, is the worst that will be; but those who have thus inadvertently once or twice exchanged the frying-pan for the fire, learn to exercise the utmost circumspection in all cases where an important step is to be taken, and will even remain in the frying-pan, however hot, as quietly as they may, if it is the coolest place to which they have access.

But it is seldom the case, even when change is most desirable, that a leap is advisable. One may make more haste than good speed in escaping from the plague, by breaking one's neck in jumping out of the window. Some persons fairly kill themselves to save their lives. They leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, not because there was nothing better that they could do, but because they would not give themselves time to do it.

The great desideratum is a sound judgment in distinguishing between two evils, so that we may choose the least. It must be remembered, however, that if they be of a moral kind, we are neither compelled, nor at liberty, under any circumstances, to choose either. This principle, though of the utmost importance in correctly adjusting our notions of right and wrong, is but little regarded by many. "If we must commit a sin," says a certain reverend writer of the last age, "let it be as little as can be helped." The thief's maxim, "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," has nearly as much morality in it as is contained in this very lenient injunction. No one was ever yet compelled to commit a sin, small or great, since there is always the alternative of suffering. He who prefers moral to physical harm, of two evils chooses the greatest; he, beyond a question, leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire.

THE PAST.

BY EULALIE.

From memory's mystic wildwood there peers many a dear remembered face which we see on earth no more. Up from the silent past there come music-voices that long ago were hushed in death, and only by memory can we peer into the reigning gloom. There were bright visions of coming years that have faded away in the glory of the morning. The beautiful shining skies of other days have become dark with storms and mourning tempests. The holy light that played over our hearts faded away, and life's dark shadows now linger around our pathway.

Oh, the beautiful shining years of long ago have fled forever; yet in memory they rise up like the evergreen isles away out upon the ocean, the pale hill-tops almost lost in the blur that lies between. There ever rests upon those shores brightness that time can never efface, and the music of those bright years shall ever be borne to our ears on the wings of memory.

We love to peer into the mystic past, for life's still river then was calm and beautiful. There were no chilling winds, no rushing tempests to break the peaceful stillness. There were sunny skies smiling above us; there were radiant flowers blooming upon the banks of that beautiful river. There was a silvery brightness resting upon the vine-wreathed bowers of peace and innocence.

And there were friends whose names were linked with all that was pure and lovely. They quietly passed away from us, and we hear their footfall no more. The love-lit eye grew dim as the stars of the sky through the vapors of the night. The river then grew dark and troubled, the sky in the west became clouded over, and the beauty and glory of the tranquil river was lost forever.

Marriage in Germany.—In Germany elopements are never heard of; and yet there is no such thing as getting married there without the consent of parents. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. The proposal being formally made and accepted, then comes the betrothal. This takes place, for the most part, privately; shortly after which, the father of the bride (as she is then called) gives a dinner or supper to the families and the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and leave given to publish it to the world, who, however, has generally been fortunate enough to anticipate the information. The cards of bethrothal are then circulated amongst their friends and acquaintances.

The cultivation of such manners as shall express all the best feelings, the noblest thoughts, the refinement and the grace of the mind and the heart, is a thing which cannot be too highly thought of, nor set about too soon.

LITTLE BLUEBONNET.

Little Bluebonnet was a village maid, who lived years and years ago, when the fairies were bold enough to sometimes creep out of their shy beds in the roses and lilies, and dance through the shaded village lanes in broad daylight, or sail through the pink-bordered cottage gardens, serenely seated on the velvet backs of the butterflies. Her name was Lizette, but as she always wore a blue bonnet, pulled over her pretty flaxen curls, everybody fell into the habit of calling her Little Bluebonnet. She had as sweet a face as one often meets; her skin was pure and fair as a snowdrop; her golden-lashed brown eyes looked as if they were always dreaming of something good and sweet; and her tiny, rosy mouth wore always such a pretty smile that it did one good just to see her.

And still Little Bluebonnet was very unfortunate, in one sense, though she seemed such a sunny, singing little thing. The poor girl was sadly deformed in body, and a dwarf. She had a great ungainly hump on her back, and was scarcely a shade taller than her four-year-old brother, though she was eleven. Then she was ill and very weak; every winter brought her colds and coughs, and every summer, fever and hectic flushes. She was so awkward and queer that her tall, comely sisters, Hilda and Rose, were ashamed of her, and made her walk alone to church; and whenever any strangers came to the cottage, her mother took care that she should not be seen, and pretended that Hilda and Rose were all the girls she had.

Hilda and Rose tied up their long hair with ribbons, and dressed their dainty selves day after day for the village festivals and summer day merry-makings; but there was always work for Little Bluebonnet to do, and never holidays. *They* were the ornaments of the family, and *she* must be the drudge. Sometimes her father, who seemed to care for her more and to be less ashamed of her than the rest, would say:

"Why doesn't Little Bluebonnet go to the fair to-day? She looks ill, and the change might do her good." Or, "Why doesn't Hilda or Rose stay at home, and work to-day! and let Little Bluebonnet go, for once in her life?"

But they all laughed at the idea.

"A pretty figure she'd cut at the fair, with her humpy back and white face," handsome Hilda would say, tossing her head till all the gay ribbons were in a flutter.

"And what pleasure could it be to her," Rose would chime in, at the same time admiring her own pretty figure in the glass, "to go and have people make sport of her, as of course they would? For my part, I should think that Bluebonnet had better keep in the house and out of sight as much as possible. Imagine her dancing on the green with one of the village lads!"

Then all but her father would burst out laughing, as if the idea were remarkably funny.

And her father would say, angrily:

"I won't have Little Bluebonnet made such a drudge. She shall have ribbons for her hair, and go to the village with the rest. The village lads might dance a hundred years before they'd find another so pretty-faced partner. Your faces, Hilda and Rose, are ugly as a witch's compared to hers."

But the mother ruled the household, and Bluebonnet never went, and indeed she did not care to, after what her sisters had said about people making sport of her, for she was very shy and sensitive. And she would say to her father, when he seemed so sorry for her:

"Don't mind me, dear father. I am very happy and contented as I am, as it is much more fitting that I should remain at home, watching my sheep, or spinning at the fireside, than to deck myself with ribbons and go to the fair."

Then her father, who could say no more, would kiss her tenderly, and a kiss made Bluebonnet's day all rosy with happiness, for it was seldom that any one kissed her, and she would sing at her work as if she were the gladdest little girl alive. And all the time she kept thinking how thankful she ought to be for all the good that had fallen to her lot, instead of making herself wretched over her misfortunes.

"If I were blind like poor Alice Burden, and could not see the blessed sky and the sunshine; or deaf and dumb like that poor lad in the village, and could not hear the birds' songs, or the music in the church, or speak or sing myself, I might indeed have some cause to complain; but as it is, I have very little. To be sure, I have to work very hard, and all day my limbs fairly tremble with weariness, but that makes my rest sweeter when night comes, and my sleep is so light and soft that I scarcely notice how hard my bed is."

So Little Bluebonnet mused as she worked away; the spinning-wheel whirred right merrily under the hands of the queer little figure that was perched upon a stool so as to be high enough to reach it, and bits of songs floated out into the cottage garden, more silvery than the sparrow's warble, from those sweet, patient lips. And the villagers, passing by in their gay festal attire, on their way to the fair, each stopped a moment to listen, wondering how any one could be so gay who was obliged to work on a holiday. Hilda and Rose came home cross and dissatisfied at night, but Bluebonnet was peaceful and happy, and went to bed, to dream the sweetest dreams that ever were.

Sundays were Bluebonnet's beautiful days, when everything was still but the pleasant church bells, and the church music; and nothing ever happened to hinder her enjoying them, for even the poorest and most labor-burdened may rest then. And next to Sunday in pleasantness were her days out of doors, when her father allowed her to take the shepherd boy's place, and watch the flocks on the breezy hills and cool, fragrant valleys; and Bluebonnet was happier than usual, one bright summer morning, as she set out, with her little crook in hand, to the pasture.

Bluebonnet's little heart fairly bubbled over with thankfulness; and many of the larks, or sparrows, or thrushes might have been proud to own the song she sang as she hastened along the sunshiny way, peeping out of her blue bonnet to spy out the flowers that hid in the wayside grass. The thrushes wove it into their own melody with variations, and the sparrows stopped and listened. The buttercups nodded their heads to its merry beat, and the bees tried to hum it for a love song to the roses; and, hid in the cup of a speckled lily, a fairy was listening to it, though Bluebonnet did not dream of such a thing. And good fairy she was, too, who knew Bluebonnet very well, for she had stolen into the cottage and stayed there unseen many a summer's day.

"Ah," she said, before looking out to see who was coming along, "that's Little Bluebonnet's voice, I'm sure. I should know it if I had heard it anywhere. She's almost good enough to be a fairy, that Bluebonnet; and I'm going out to bid her good morning, and ask her how I can serve her."

So the lily unfolded its long silken petals; and out danced the fairy, a bright, sparkling-eyed little thing, clothed like a butterfly.

"Good morning, Bluebonnet!" she said, standing on the tip of a feathery grass-blade.

And Bluebonnet, after she had recovered a little from her surprise, responded to her salutation by a low curtsey.

"You seem very happy, Bluebonnet," she said, gently detaining her with her little wand. "I hear you singing just as merrily every day; how is it—don't you ever have anything to trouble you?"

Bluebonnet opened her eyes very wide at this, and hardly knew what to say.

"Every one has something to trouble them," she faltered, at last. "I have much less than some, and more, perhaps, than others. I *am* happy, indeed; how could one be otherwise in such delightful weather?"

"Then you are happy because the weather is bright? Still, when it has been raining, and the sky is as gloomy as gloomy can be, I have seen you at work in the cottage with the same cheery face and glad song."

"Well," said Bluebonnet, "one may as well be always singing as crying; it is wicked, I think, to fret oneself over what cannot be helped, and I have so many things to make me glad."

"Indeed!" said the fairy. "But your mother and sisters are very unkind to you, and make you do all the drudgery, day after day, and year after year. You never have a holiday with the other village lasses, and there is nothing all the year round but labor for you. Surely if you are content with such a lot as this, you deserve, and will know how to appreciate, a better one."

"Bluebonnet," she began again, at last, "I don't like that hump on your back, and neither do you, I know. Let us see if we can't get rid of it!"

So she waved her golden wand once, twice, thrice over the little unshapen figure, and in an instant Bluebonnet felt herself growing straight and tall, and, wonderful to say, the ugly hump had entirely vanished, and the little girl's joy ran over in happy tears.

"There," said the fairy, evidently as much pleased with the change as Bluebonnet herself—"there's a figure fit for a fairy! but the face needs no improvement—it's the most radiant one in the world, I verily believe."

And truly, with this new joy, Bluebonnet's face, that had been beautiful before, was a wonder of bloom and brightness now. Oh, it was so delightful, she thought, to be like everybody else, and not an object of pity, or wonder, or derision to all she met.

Just then, what should come along the highway but the King's carriage, and in it the King and Queen themselves. The carriage was shrouded in black, and the driver and attendants in mourning costume, as well as the King and Queen, for the King's daughter, who was the most beautiful Princess in the kingdom, had just died.

"Ah," said the fairy, clapping her hands joyfully, "we are just in time! Stand where you are, Bluebonnet, and I'll hide in the leaves. But first let me make a little alteration in your dress."

And she waved her wand over the surprised Bluebonnet again, and in a breathing space the coarse, dark cotton gown was changed to one of the purest, most dainty white, and the great blue bonnet to a graceful little hat, which fitted the beautiful face as its calyx does a flower cup.

"Now, Bluebonnet," said the fairy, skipping away, "stand just as you are, just where you are, till the King's carriage comes up."

And Bluebonnet obeyed, though she felt much more inclined to hide herself in the trees, as had always been her wont when the King and Queen rode by.

The sunbeams came and twisted themselves into her golden curls; the gay winds fanned roses into her cheeks; and either the fairy had bewitched the eyes of the royal pair, or she made indeed the most beautiful picture that ever was seen, standing there with her downcast, sunny-fringed eyes, in that green, wayside nook.

And leaning out of the carriage window, with exclamations of delight, they said, almost together, in the same words:

"No one but this beautiful village maid can ever fill the place of the lost Princess! Let us entreat her to come with us, and make our desolate palace glad again with her fairy-like beauty and sweetness."

So the carriage was stopped, and bewildered Bluebonnet made to know their desire.

"Come and be our daughter," they said, "in the place of one who is now dead."

The blushes deepened upon wondering Bluebonnet's cheek, and her blue eyes opened very wide with surprise.

"Nothing could give me greater joy," she said, venturing to peep into their kindly but sorrowful faces; "but, alas! my father and mother are poor, and need my services. Who would cook their dinners, and who would do their spinning, if I should leave them?"

"Surely," said the Queen, glancing with surprise over her graceful, delicate figure, "you were never made for such rude work. You were born for something better."

And the King said:

"Never fear for your parents, my sweet maid. I will make up the loss of your services to them with money. Do not say that you will not come with us."

And so Bluebonnet went with them, and became as their own daughter. They dressed her in velvet and diamonds, and loved her so that they would have laid all their wealth at her feet. And she was not only the sunshine of the palace, but beloved by all the people for her charitable deeds and sweet graciousness. And in due time she married the King's son, who wore the crown himself after his father's death.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the tunes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is Long Ago;
And we bury our treasures there!
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night!
And when evening comes, with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight!

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE RECAPTURE.

Little Ellen, who was indirectly the cause of the melee, as we have shown, had fortunately managed to escape unharmed. Terrified and half-bewildered, she had fled from the apartment, with several others of her sex, to the narrow corridor, and had taken occasion, favored by the darkness here, while the attention of all the rest was occupied by the fight within, to steal away to the stairs which led down to the street. Here, dropping upon her knees, she folded her little hands, and turning her sweet, pretty face and tear-bedimmed eyes toward Heaven, prayed earnestly—oh, so earnestly—that God would send her deliverance from this awful den of iniquity. She was still here, still kneeling and still praying, when there came four heavy knocks upon the door, and her superstitious nature and excited state of mind led her to fancy it an answer to her humble petition.

Suddenly the idea that she might now escape flashed upon her brain, and fairly made her dizzy with hope, and springing to her feet, she darted down the steep, narrow stairs, with the light step of a fairy, and concealed herself near the door, so that, in the event of its being opened, she might rush out, and trust the rest to Providence.

In something like a minute from the first summons, four distinct, heavy knocks were again bestowed upon the door, by what appeared to be the fist of some one standing without, and then little Ellen could hear the gruff voice of a man, grumbling and cursing. Presently there was a creaking of the old stairs, as of some one descending; and then the cracked, tremulous voice of the old woman was heard asking:

"Who's there, who's there, at this unseasonable hour of the night, disturbing honest people, and what d'ye want?"

"It's me, you old she-wolf, growled the person outside, "and you'd best open the door, afore I split it open."

"Is that you, Jimmy Quiglan?" inquired the old crone.

"Yes, it's me—now unbolt—quick!"

"In a minute, Jimmy, in a minute," rejoined the old hag, as she began to fumble away at the fastenings. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come—the young rascals have been having such a fight up-stairs—dear me!"

"It's a —— pity they didn't smash in your old head!" responded Jimmy, savagely, as the door swung back as far as the chain would let it, while Mother Grimsby peered cautiously out, to be certain that all was right.

Poor little Ellen's chance of escape was now at hand, and she stole cautiously up behind the old woman, her little heart almost beating audibly, while she fairly held her breath, and trembled from head to foot, with the contending emotions of hope and fear.

"Come! down with the chain, you old fool, it's nobody but me," growled Jimmy.

The chain was now unfastened, and the door swung half open, still held by Mother Grimsby, and as Jimmy entered, little Ellen shot past him, and found herself in the open air.

"Hello! who're you?" called out the dwarf, turning round.

"Who's who?" cried the old woman, nervously, who chanced not to see Ellen as she escaped.

"Some one's put out, she-wolf," replied Jimmy.

"He's dreaming, so he is," said the crone, playfully, as she closed the door and proceeded to fasten it.

As it is our purpose to follow the little orphan, we shall consider ourself fastened out with her, and will leave the vile den, the old woman, and her hopeful guests, to *enjoy* themselves in their own peculiar way.

As fast as fear and her limbs could carry her, little Ellen flew down the alley, not heeding whither she went, nor caring, so she might put distance between her and the earthly hell from which she fled. The night was dark and cloudy, the hour late, and no light gleamed forth in this miserable quarter to guide her steps. Still she sped on, breathless with terror, turning from one dark alley or street into another, till she at last came in sight of a feeble lamp, which led her to hope she was approaching a less vile quarter than she had left behind. Suddenly, in turning another dark corner, she ran against a man, with so much force as to throw her down.

"Hello!" said a gruff voice, "who're you, little one, and what are you doing out this time of night, running so fast?"

A cold shudder passed through the slender frame of the little orphan, as that voice fell on her ear. She looked up, and was just able to catch a faint glimpse of that man's face. It was enough—enough to freeze the hot blood in her veins. Yes; judge of her feelings, judge of her horror, when she once more saw herself in the power of her most terrible enemy—in the power of Mulwrack, the burglar.

"Come! git up—git up—and travel on. What d'ye keep down there for? You ain't hurt, be you?" pursued the man of crime.

Hoping to escape, poor little Ellen quickly got upon her feet, and she was hastening past the robber, when he caught hold of her, and said:

"Stop! I want to see your face."

The awful moment had arrived—the moment of detection by the man she dreaded, and poor little Ellen, during the scrutiny of the burglar, experienced all the feelings of horror of one suspended over a terrible abyss.

"The gal I wanted, by ——!" exclaimed the man of crime, as he peered into the face of his trembling victim by the dim light of the distant lamp. "Here's luck!" he added, with a kind of inward chuckle, "who'd a thought it? See here, little gal, you got away from where I put you, and cleared out, didn't you? Maybe you'll do it agin—we'll see."

Ellen looked around in terror, hoping to perceive some chance passenger, upon whom she could call for aid, but the hour was late, and the streets deserted. The burglar instantly comprehended her design, and drawing a knife from his bosom, the blade of which Ellen could just perceive gleaming in the dim light, he said, in a low, savage tone:

"See here, gal, if you 'spect to git away this time, you've made a bad mistake. The long and short on't is, if you dare to scream, or call anybody to help you, I'll drive this here through your heart—I will, by ——! Come! not a word; me and you is going together decent."

He took hold of her hand as he spoke, and half-supporting her, for her little limbs trembled so as to need this aid, he hurried forward, muttering:

"Well, who'd a thought it? To stumble on to her that way, arter I'd gin up looking for her high and low."

Avoiding the gas-light, and selecting the dark, filthy streets, lanes and alleys for his route, Mulwrack was not long in arriving with his terrified prisoner at the door of the very hovel from which she had escaped the night before.

He knocked, replied to the question asked, and soon gained admittance, pushing Ellen in before him, and shutting and bolting the door.

"There, Mag," he said, gruffly, "I've got her agin; and I rather think as how she won't git away agin, of her own accord."

Margaret, who, previous to Mulwrack's return, was the only occupant of that old structure, took hold of Ellen's hand and drew her toward the fireplace, in which were a few dying embers, and then threw herself upon a seat, without saying a word.

Somewhat struck by her peculiar manner, Ellen looked up in her face, and notwithstanding her own terror and desolation of heart, could not avoid a start of surprise at the appearance of the other. That face was frightfully swollen, and almost black, from the chin upward, from the effect of blows which the brutal burglar, in the first vent to his rage for the loss of Ellen, whose escape he attributed to her carelessness, had inflicted upon her.

The eyes of the poor creature were almost closed by the livid and swollen flesh around them, her hair was disheveled, her dress torn and disordered, and, altogether, she was an object of pity.

"Come! none of your sulks!" said the burglar, with a fierce scowl, as he threw his hat upon the ground, and cast himself heavily upon a seat, directly opposite his partner in vice and crime, so that he could look full into her face, by the dim light of the dying embers. "You know, Mag, I don't allow none of them things. You see I've got the gal back agin!"

"I see," answered Margaret, speaking in a rather hoarse tone.

"Well, you act as if you wish I hadn't."

"What do you want me to do?" inquired the other.

"I want you to say something, and not set there moping in that ere kind of a way."

"How did you find her?"

"Now you're talking sensible. Why, would you believe it, Mag, jest as I was coming home, arter I'd gin her clean up, she bounced out of an alley, right agin me. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Very queer, Jim."

"I 'spect Providence put her there, Mag."

And the harsh features of the robber relaxed into a grin at what he considered a very facetious rejoinder.

"Likely enough," said Margaret, turning to the fire, and poking the embers together with a pair of old tongs.

"Anybody been here to-night, Mag?"

"Not a soul, Jim."

"Beaks is off the scent, I reckon?"

"I think so."

Mulwrack indulged in a yawn, and a long stretch of his muscular limbs.

"Been to bed, Mag?"

"I jest laid down a few minutes."

"How's the liquor?"

"I haven't touched it."

"Umph! that's odd, for you're ginerally drunk afore this time of night. Fetch it here, and I'll take a swig."

Margaret got up, and going to the same old chest, which we mentioned as serving her for a closet or pantry at her former lodgings, took out a black bottle, and brought it to Mulwrack. The robber took it and gave it a hearty shake.

"That's the stuff, Mag," he said, with a smack; "try a little."

"I would rather not, to-night, Jim."

"Why?"

"I don't feel well."

"Ah!" said the burglar, with a slight show of feeling. "'Tain't nothing serious, is it, Mag?"

"Nothing particular."

"Hum! Got anything to eat?"

"There's some bread and cold meat in the chest."

"That'll do; fetch 'em on."

Margaret quietly brought the ruffian his food, of which he ate heartily, taking now and then a drink from the bottle.

"There!" he said, when he had finished his lunch; "I feels better now. Think there's any danger in my sleeping here, Mag?"

"You should know best, Jim."

"Well, I'm going to risk it, anyhow. Jake's got off, I 'spect, and we'll follow when——"

He stopped, and gave a slight nod toward Ellen, who had sunk upon a seat with her face buried in her hands.

"Big haul that!" he continued, mysteriously referring to the burglary at Clendennan's; "and if it wasn't for this ere deacon affair" (and again he nodded toward Ellen), "me and you would put out, and travel for our healths—eh, Mag?"

"Better let that go, Jim, and go now; something bad'll come on't," responded Margaret, also nodding toward the poor orphan.

"You're a fool!" growled Mulwrack. "Think I'd go and leave them ten thousand the old rascal promised? Arter all, it was a good thing, that ere running away, for old skin-flint got skeared, for fear he'd lose the chance; and if I got her agin (once more nodding toward Ellen), he swore he'd plank."

"But you can get the tin, and not hurt anybody," said Margaret, alluding in this way to the contemplated murder of Ellen, which had been previously discussed between the two.

"See here, Mag!" rejoined Mulwrack, with offended dignity, "d'ye think I'm such a —— knave as to git a man's shiners for a job I don't do? You ought to know me better'n that by this time, old gal!"

Such was a murderer's idea of honor! He could beat his poor female partner almost to death, to gratify his savage passions; he could break into an honest man's house, and rob it, without a scruple of conscience; he could kill that innocent little girl for a certain sum; but the mere suggestion of taking a brother villain's money for a wicked deed, with the intention of cheating him, by not fulfilling his bloody contract, was highly repugnant to his sense of right and honor.

Have we not others among us, moving in what are considered high circles, whose ideas of honor are about as just as those of the burglar? How many are there, who would not scruple to cheat an honest tradesman of honest dues to pay a gambling debt? How many are there, who would not hesitate to stake a life against a life, because of a trifling difference of opinion, and yet would feel a pride in being the author of some confiding female's ruin?

"What are you going to do with her for the present?" inquired Margaret, pursuing the conversation.

"Why, she'll go below this time—she'll keep there, I reckon." Then addressing Ellen, he continued; "See here, little gal! I'm a-going to turn in, and I want to put you where you'll be safe."

Little Ellen looked up, pale and agitated.

"Mag, raise a glim!" continued the robber. "I'm going down to see them quarters myself."

Margaret lighted a candle, and handed it to the burglar—who immediately got up, and removing the chest from where it stood, raised a small trap-door, and descended an old ladder, into a damp, disagreeable cellar, or vault, about ten feet square, which was walled in on every side, without any means for ventilation or the admission of light, and which could only be entered and left through the trap-door just mentioned. The moment the burglar had fairly disappeared, Margaret turned to Ellen, seized her hand, pressed it warmly, and looking quickly around, in a startled manner, put her finger to her lips, as a sign of caution, and said, in a hurried whisper:

"Don't despair, poor child! I'll be your friend—though it may cost me my life."

She turned away, and tried to hum the air of a popular tune, in order to appear indifferent, and excite no suspicion—while little Ellen labored hard to force back the tears that involuntarily sprung into her eyes. The next moment the robber called from below:

"Come down here, little gal!"

"Yes, go down," said Margaret; "and we'll see if you'll escape again!"

Her voice was harsh and unfeeling; but she turned to Ellen, caught her hand, and pressed it nervously; and in this silent manner made known to the poor little orphan how deeply she sympathised with her.

Ellen seized Margaret's arm convulsively, but clung to it only a moment; and then, without saying a word, rather staggered than walked to the mouth of what seemed to her a horrible pit, and nervously descended the ladder.

"This here's not a very nice place," said Mulwrack, who stood at the bottom, speaking in a less harsh tone, as he held the light to her pale, agitated countenance; "but you've got nobody to blame except yourself for't—for if you hadn't run away, I'd a let you staid up-stairs."

"Oh! sir, don't leave me alone, in this awful place!" pleaded little Ellen, as she glanced tremblingly around upon the damp, massive, mildewed walls. "Oh! sir, please don't!"

"Must do it!" said the burglar, firmly. "I want to keep you awhile—and you'll be safer here than anywheres else. I'll throw you down something to lie on—'taint cold, and you'll do well enough; and besides, you won't have to stay here long."

As he said this, he began to ascend the ladder, taking the light with him, and leaving the poor child at the bottom, shuddering with terror, and only sustained against giving away to utter despair, by the kind and mysterious words which Margaret had whispered in her ear. As soon as the burglar had got upon the floor above, he seized a piece of old carpet, and threw it down, saying:

"There! that'll do you to lie on; and my advice to you is, to lie down and go to sleep. No whining now! 'cause we can't have none of them things."

With this he shut the trap-door, drew the heavy chest upon it, and little Ellen found herself in total darkness.

Soon after this, the man of crime threw himself upon the bed in the room, without undressing, and fell asleep. But in his sleep he tossed his arms about, rolled uneasily to and fro, grated his teeth, and muttered deep and savage curses. Oh! the conscience of the guilty! that ever present, continual, eternal hell!

Margaret laid down, but did not sleep; her mind was striving to pierce the veil of the awful future which lay before her!

CHAPTER XV.

A MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

It will be remembered, that Sir Walter Clendennan, his daughter Rosalind, and two of the servants, were away on the night of the burglarious entrance and robbery of their mansion. They returned at an early hour on the following day, and were both startled and pained at the news which was poured into their ears at the very steps of the carriage. The house had been robbed of plate, money, and jewels; and the little stranger, whom they had taken in, and saved from death, and nursed so tenderly, was the thief.

"What! that child a thief?" cried Sir Walter, much excited, while Rosalind listened in dumb amazement. "'Tis false! the very accusation carries falsehood on its face!"

"I deeply regret to say it is true," replied Mrs. Wyndham, who was the communicator.

"How do you know it is true?" demanded the knight, in a harsh, irritated tone.

"Because, sir, she has fled, taking with her the clothes which Miss Rosalind was so kind and generous as to give her."

"Tut! tut! woman!" cried the baronet, angrily; "you forget that a child like her was not strong enough to carry off my heavy plate!"

"Well, she might have had help, sir—and doubtless she had; but whoever helped her, must have come in at the front door—and been let in, sir—for that was found unfastened in the morning, and every other part of the building just as it was the night before. And besides, sir, the girl is gone, and her own clothes gone with her; and if she is not the thief, the whole matter passes my understanding."

The knight got slowly out of his carriage; and supporting himself, with one hand upon the door, rolled his hollow eyes, nervously and somewhat wildly, over the group of startled-looking faces that were now turned towards him.

"*Mirabile dictu! Amor habendi!*" he exclaimed, with impressive solemnity. "Well, well—if that sweet child is guilty, Heaven knows I never want to look upon another human face! Rosalind, give me your arm, and conduct me to my own private apartment."

Rosalind hastened to obey; and when she reached the door of the apartment, over the threshold of which she dared not venture without permission, she said, in a low, troubled tone:

"Father, Ellen is not guilty, believe me! I would stake my life upon her innocence."

The baronet turned and seized her hand.

"You think she is innocent?" he said, with a quivering lip.

"I know it, father."

"Thank you! thank you, Rosalind!"

With this he stepped within, closed and bolted his door; and Rosalind hastened to the drawing-room, to learn the whole particulars of the affair—at least all that were known or could be surmised—from Mrs. Wyndham.

An houn later, Rosalind was pacing up and down this same elegantly furnished drawing-room, in a state of mind not to be envied. She was alone, and her features were very pale, and her eyes showed traces of recent tears. She was evidently expecting some one—for every other minute she hurried to the window, and looked out into the street. At length the bell rung; and hastening to seat herself, she made an effort to appear composed. Presently the door of the drawing-room opened, and the servant announced:

"Dr. Stanhope."

The individual thus ushered into the presence of Rosalind, and who has been previously mentioned in these pages, deserves a passing notice. He was about twenty-five years of age, tall, well-formed, with dark, curly hair, and dark, expressive eyes. His features were finely moulded, and highly intellectual—but rather thin and pale, like one much given to thought and study. His finely turned chin, classic mouth, and slightly aquiline nose, gave character to the face, and denoted a marked degree of firmness, energy, and decision. He was elegantly dressed, without being in the least degree foppish—in every movement there was grace—and his whole manner was that of a high-toned, well-bred gentleman. He bowed politely to Rosalind, who rose on his entrance, and both for a moment or two seemed slightly embarrassed.

"I trust you will pardon me, Dr. Stanhope," said Rosalind, with just sufficient color in her lovely countenance to render her perfectly beautiful, "for sending for you, to ask a favor!"

"Any thing that I can do for one who has shown herself so true a friend in time of need, believe me, Miss Clendennan, I shall perform with a degree of pleasure that I may not be able to express in words," replied the young physician, cordially.

"Pray, be seated," said Rosalind, pointing to a chair, and turning away to another—while the glow deepened on her lovely features, and she found it required no little effort to suppress all show of agitation. "My father and myself, with two of our domestics," she resumed, as she seated herself a short distance from the young doctor, "were out of town last night, and have only just returned, to be startled with the intelligence that our house has been robbed in our absence."

"Robbed!" exclaimed young Stanhope, with a start. "I sincerely hope your loss is not heavy, Miss Rosalind!"

"I do not know the full extent of our loss," replied Rosalind; "but that, however much or little, can easily be repaired, and is the least which troubles me."

"Indeed!" said the other, with increased interest; "something more serious? I pray you speak as to a friend. Your father——"

"Is as well as usual," rejoined Rosalind, hastily; "though I do not know how this affair may affect him. But it is of another I wish to speak. You remember my little coz——I mean the little girl who was run over in Chestnut street, on last Christmas Day, and whom I had conveyed hither, and succeeded, by the aid of kind Providence, in restoring to life and health?"

"I have heard my sister Linda speak of her, as a very bright, sweet, interesting little child."

"She was every thing that was good and lovely," said Rosalind, with considerable emotion; "and oh! how I loved her, from the depths of my inmost soul! I can not, can not, will not believe that she is guilty—it would destroy my faith in human innocence."

"Guilty of what, Miss Rosalind?" exclaimed the other, quickly.

"Of robbing us—of robbing her benefactors."

"Of robbing you? Good heavens! is she suspected of so heinous a crime against law and gratitude?"

"By some she is, sir—though not by me. She is gone, however; and the clothes I presented her, are gone with her."

"You astonish me. May it not be a case of burglary, robbery and abduction?"

"Yes, yes, it must be; I dare not think otherwise," cried Rosalind, greatly excited. "But it is so singular—so very

strange. I am half-bewildered—I know not what to think. All the servants believe her guilty, and are eager to inform the police, but I have forbidden them to speak of the matter to a single soul. If she is guilty, and I will not think she is, she must escape detection; at least, I will not be guilty, either as principal or accessory, of hunting her down like a wild beast. How can she be guilty, doctor? She is a poor orphan; when I took her in, she had neither home nor friends. How could she rob one who had treated her so kindly—who loved her so dearly? Oh! speak, sir, and tell me you believe her innocent of so foul a crime. Let me know there is one impartial judge who thinks suspicion wrongs her."

Rosalind spoke under great excitement, seemingly controlled by a noble, generous impulse, and in spite of herself, the tears started into her sweet blue eyes, and made them dim. The look of young Stanhope betrayed deep sympathy, he unconsciously moved his chair nearer to Rosalind; a slight color overspread his pale features, and his voice was a little tremulous, as he replied:

"Calm yourself, Miss Rosalind, I pray you; you are much agitated. I appreciate your noble feelings—they are worthy of a pure and generous mind; but try and be calm, and let me know the whole particulars, and I will advise with you to the best of my humble ability."

"Thank you?" returned Rosalind, somewhat warmly; "thank you, Dr. Stanhope! I believed you would advise me for the best, and, therefore, on the impulse of the moment, I ventured to take the liberty of sending for you. I am so circumstanced that I have but few acquaintances and fewer friends of whom I may ask a favor, and in whom I can confide. I would have sent for your dear sister, Linda, but she, like myself, would be unable to do what I would have done."

"I assure you, Miss Rosalind, it affords me a high degree of pleasure and pride, to know you think me worthy of your confidence, and that I have been selected to give you any little assistance which may be in my power," replied the young physician, warmly. "Believe me," he continued, with a degree of emotion which he evidently strove to suppress, but which betrayed itself in his manner, look, and voice. "Believe me, Miss Rosalind, when I say, that though I have not made so marked a display of my feelings as some might have done, I have not forgotten, and will *never* forget, that you are one of the few friends, who, having known us in prosperity, did not desert my dear sister and family in the hour of adversity, but stood nobly by them, unchanged, save in being kinder, more generous, and more affectionate."

His voice faltered so much toward the last, that he was scarcely able to articulate the closing words of the sentence, and he turned his face away to conceal his emotion, while Rosalind, with the hot blood mounting to her very temples, experienced a degree of agitation that she would not have had the other observe for the world, and unperceived by him, she hastily brushed a tear from her eye.

"I have ever loved Linda as a dear, sweet sister," she hastened to reply; "and what little I have done, has been but a poor repayment for the delightful hours I have spent in her company. But pardon me, Doctor——"

"You once called me, Newton," he interrupted, hastily. "May I not hope that the friend of my sister and family can be induced to address me as formerly."

"Certainly," replied Rosalind, with some embarrassment, "if—if you desire it, and on condition that you will use as little formality to me, as when you——"

She hesitated, and he quickly rejoined:

"I will, Rosalind—I will. The present shall be as of old—we will forget the long interval between. I scarcely need tell you that I am proud and sensitive; and it was pride that made me seem so cold and formal. I should have acted differently to one who has been so kind; I have often regretted my sullen waywardness; but, somehow, nature would out, and it seemed as if I could not do otherwise. I was poor, and you were rich; and the world sees such a gulf between poverty and riches. But as regards you, I acted foolishly, wrongly, unjustly; and I now take a pride in acknowledging my fault, and in craving your forgiveness. But I interrupted you—pardon me."

Rosalind flushed and paled alternately, while the other was speaking, and it was some little time before she could recover the composure she desired.

"I was about to say," she resumed, "that is, I was about to request your assistance in finding this little girl. If she is guilty, I would have her found and reclaimed from vice; and if she is not guilty, I would have her found and restored to me. I do not wish the police to know of this affair; for should she fall into the iron grasp of the law, I might not be able to save her from the disgrace of a prison, the doom of a criminal. I thought, if you would be so kind as to make a search for her, perhaps——"

"Yes, yes, I understand," again interrupted the other; "I understand; and believe me, all that I can do shall be done. I will proceed in the matter at once, and I will search for her as if she were my sister, and if so fortunate as to find her, she shall find in me a brother, whether guilty or not. Please inform me of her name, age and appearance—what dress you suppose she wore away—what you know of her history, her former associates, and the particulars of the robbery."

Rosalind hastened to put the young physician in possession of all the facts she knew concerning the robbery and the unfortunate little orphan, with the exception of her name, parentage, her own relationship, and the events connected with the two families of Norbury and Clendennan.

"But you have forgotten to mention her name, Rosalind," said the other, as she paused.

"She is called Ellen."

"But she has a surname?"

"We never addressed her by any other name than Ellen, while with us," she answered, coloring.

"But if I knew her surname, it might assist me in my search," he replied.

"Oh, do you think her guilty?" she inquired, thus turning the conversation from the point upon which she so much dreaded inquiry, and for reasons which are already known to the reader.

"No," he replied, after some reflection, "I cannot say I think her guilty of robbing you; certainly she could not have done so alone, to the extent you mention. I think it more probable that she was abducted, though, for what purpose, it is difficult to divine. The whole affair is very singular and mysterious. Perhaps the burglar, whoever he was, knew her—she might have seen and recognized him—and thus have been taken away for his own security. Or, what seems even more probable still, considering that she carried off her own garments, he might have compelled her to do this, in order to attract suspicion to her, and thus be the better able to screen himself."

"Oh! Newton," cried Rosalind, as a wild, terrible thought flashed upon her brain, "you do not think she has been murdered?"

"No, Rosalind, I hardly think that—because, by murdering her, he would gain nothing, and would put his own life in jeopardy."

"Oh! find her! find her!" exclaimed Rosalind, laboring under great excitement; "find her, Newton, and my gratitude shall almost be boundless!"

"I will do all that can be done, Rosalind," he replied, rising; "and I will set about it at once. Calm yourself, I pray you—try and be composed. The first intelligence I get concerning her, shall be forwarded to you without delay; and if I am not successful, I will myself come in the evening, and make a full report of the day's search."

"Thank you! thank you!" returned Rosalind; "may Heaven aid you, and protect the poor child! If you see Linda, bid her come to me—tell her I feel very low spirited."

The young physician promised to do so, and took his departure. For half an hour after he had gone, Rosalind walked hastily, up and down, over the rich, yielding carpet of that gorgeous apartment, her mind agitated by strange conflicting emotions; then she threw herself heavily upon a crimson-plush divan, and found relief to her overcharged heart in a flood of tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOVER'S RUSE.

Some years since, two wealthy bachelors lived in the vicinity of Paris. They had a young maid-of-all-work named Marie de la Font. Marie was a sweet, pretty girl, and lively and piquant in her manners, although modest in the extreme, and this was the reason that the two brothers kept her in their employ. They knew that she was frugal, economical, and dressed in the most moderate manner imaginable. One day Marie surprised her employers by informing them that a young artisan, residing in Paris, had asked her hand. They strove to dissuade her from accepting the offer of marriage, but she told them that she could not be happy unless she became the wife of her dear Henri. So it was arranged that she should quit the service of the two brothers at the end of the coming month.

One day during this interval the two brothers sold some valuable real estate, which they owned jointly, and the sum realized amounted to 100,000 francs. It was all in bills on the Bank of France, and was paid too late for deposit the same afternoon.

Night came, and as the old bachelors seldom had such a large amount in the house, they were considerably concerned lest robbers should attempt to rob them. Their fears were strengthened by the numerous burglaries that had recently taken place in that vicinity.

About midnight the old men retired, but scarcely had they fallen asleep when Marie rapped at their door and informed them that robbers were at work below.

Both the bachelors were terribly frightened, and when one commenced to bar the door, the other began removing a tile from the hearth to hide the bills.

"You have a gun," said Marie; "take it and shoot the villains."

But the two trembling men paid no heed to her advice.

"Cowards!" said the brave girl, scornfully. "I wish that I were a man for five minutes."

Just then there came a heavy crash from the apartments below.

The brothers crept beneath the bed, where they shivered and cringed, unable to speak from terror.

"We shall all be murdered in our beds," said the girl. "We will be found by the police in the morning with our throats cut from ear to ear. Peste! fools, give me the gun."

She seized the double-barreled gun that laid upon the shelf, and started downstairs, while the two frightened men watched her without saying a word. Presently, bang went the gun, and a groan was heard. Bang! went the second barrel, and a screech of pain resounded through the house that caused the blood of the brothers to run cold.

A brief pause ensued, and then Marie came tripping upstairs, but her face wore a determined, dissatisfied look. She asked for powder and ball to reload, which were furnished; but before she finished loading, footsteps were heard retreating from the house.

No one slept in the house that night, nor were they again molested. But at early dawn, on going downstairs, a pool of blood on the hall floor showed that one robber, at least, had been seriously, if not mortally, wounded, and it was plain to see by the bloody path in the earth that the victim had been dragged to the river. Gore marked the whole distance, and the police were at once put on the alert for the arrest of the living thieves and the recovery of the body of the dead one.

But all efforts proved vain, and the bravery of the young girl was discussed far and near.

The grateful bachelors were so overwhelmed that they offered to give Marie a dower.

"Ah! messieurs," replied she, affectionately, "how can I leave you? You may again be attacked by robbers."

"But we will not, nevertheless, stand between you and happiness," they replied. "Here are thirty thousand francs—you have saved our lives, and richly deserve the money. If you choose to live in this house with your husband, we will repair the lower part for that purpose, and you can also be hired to keep our room neat as at present."

Henri married Marie, and they accepted the dower and the house.

Years passed, and recently the real facts of this midnight robbery came to light. Both of the old bachelors were dead, and had willed Marie another thirty thousand francs. The brave girl did not refuse it. It turned out, however, that the robbers were not plural. Henri acted as the burglar, the blood was from a lamb killed for the purpose, and the whole was but a ruse of the two lovers to open the hearts and purses of the two old misers.

FACETIÆ

PUNCH'S advice to dyspeptics—chew and eschew.

THE London *Punch* calls matrimony the "common chord of two flats."

A CHICAGO man advertises for an office boy, "to build fires with a reference."

A CONDUCTOR in Burlington, Iowa, was recently made happy by having voted to him a badge, at a public fair. Being called upon for a speech, he was hustled upon the platform. Looking round for a moment he ejaculated "Tickets!" and retired. It was so effective that the band couldn't play for ten minutes.

"FRANK," said an affectionate lady the other day to a promising young America, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after a while that you won't care anything at all about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, and turning another leaf of his book, "I've got so now."

A GENTLEMAN was looking into a window of a toy store the other day, when two boys halted, and one remarked: "Say, Jim, don't you wish we had ten cents to buy a present for our lame sister?" Jim replied that he did, and the gentleman pulled out a shinplaster and said he was glad to be able to assist them in such a praiseworthy enterprise. He met the same boys half an hour afterward, and each had his pockets stuffed with pop corn balls.

A GENTLEMAN walking behind two school children on Washington avenue, the other day, heard the boy inquire, "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there," answered the miss, "but I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless. Mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attentions. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentine or give me any more gum."

HOW A DUTCHMAN TOLD HIS SON AN INTERESTING STORY.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language, "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it pe a drue story, or a makes pelieve?"

"Oh, a true story, of course!" answered John.

"Ferry vell, den. Dere vas once a goot, nice oldt shentleman (shoost like me), and he had von dirty little poy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him shwearing like a young fillian, as he vos. So he vent to der winkle (corner) and took out a cowhide (shoost as I am doing now), and he dook der dirty liddle plackguard by de collar (dis way, you see!) and volloped him (shoost so!) And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears dis way, and smack his face dat way, an' dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do dis efening."

OUR OWN SPHINX

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

DOUBLE REBUS.

1. A device. 2. Very old. 3. To ensnare. 4. A bundle. 5. The same quantity. 6. To pierce. 7. A cape of North America. The initials and finals read downwards form the names of two of Shakspeare's plays. GAHMER.

ANAGRAMMATICAL PROVERBS.

1. Do not fear pure shores.
2. If thou tie, Moses, know more.
3. If a lad never fear, now try a hint.
4. Saw no more, but aid lay tin.
5. Vit, sand the river!

FORT TOTTEN.

ENIGMA.

'Midst disasters I live, by the mandates of fate,
Whilst all are determined to hold me in hate.
I delight in dark places, and dwell amongst rats.
Although I am equally friendly to cats.
I'm found in the hat which man puts on his head;
Without me not one would be sure of his bread.
I'm partial to sadness, though grief I detest;
In the day you will find me, at night I'm at rest.
I'm always in safety, though fond of a brawl;
I reach to the stars, so you'll think I am tall.
I like a good battle, but fighting I shun;
I'm strong in the arms, but have no legs to run.
I accompanied Cain in the murder of Abel,
And helped to complete the confusion of Babel.
This simple enigma, if none can explain,
'Twill sadly annoy me, and put me in pain. G. J.

CONICAL PUZZLE.

A consonant; a river in England; a sea plant; hollow channels cut with a tool; a man's name. The central letters, read downwards, will name a celebrated poet.

T. W. PHILIP.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel; a stupid fellow; a scripture dame; in the direction of; purity; a man's name; doomed; an intermediate position; that which pertains to the moring; a drunkard; the end of all men. The central letters, read horizontally and vertically, will give the name of one of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers that ever lived.

J. S. L.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 30.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 33, Vol. 34.

DIAMOND.—"An equal mind is never hurtful" (commence at the centre and read round).

LOGOGRIPH.—Poe-try.

ENIGMA.—Lying.

CHARADES.—1. No-thing. 2. Sweetheart. 3. Gent-eel.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. An icicle. 2. One is a sale of effects, and the other the effect of a sale. 3. Because the increased consumption is out of all proportion to the diminished waste.

SPRING.

Soft shadows rippling on the tender grass,
Soft sunlight glinting on the fresh green leaves,
Soft winds that crisp the waters as they pass,
Soft chirp of birds beneath the cottage-eves,
Soft sudden sounds in the cool woodland shades
Of tiny rustling feet and glancing wing,
Soft opening blossoms on the sweeping glades,
Soft gleams on breezy uplands—that is Spring.

The bright beck dances down the sloping plains,
Under the willows where the woodbines creep:
The violets purple all the leafy lanes,
And from their sheltered nest the snowdrops peep:
The primrose gleams like moonlight from her bed;
Over the mossy banks the bluebells ring:
The fresh ferns, crushed beneath the careless tread,
Sigh in forgiving sweetness—that is Spring.

O, fresh and happy youth, obey her voice,
Feel her soft charm run thrilling through the blood:
With waking earth let waking hearts rejoice,
And own the goddess of the wold and wood.
Soft shyness, like the pale bud's silken sheath,
Round the pure fancies of sweet youth will cling;
But color, life and strength all lurk beneath,
And love and flowers both blossom in the Spring.

CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wertzal, The Scout."

[This serial was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

The revelation that white men, friends, perhaps, her own people, any way, were near, came nigh depriving Elsie of her senses. She dropped her head upon her knees, while her heart leaped up to God in thanksgiving. Her deliverance would be attempted, and if she died in the attempt, it were infinitely better than this.

The squaw was about moving back to the lodge. Elsie gave no other sign to those who might be hid in the cliffs that overhung this bold sweep of the tributary than to lift her face, deluged in tears, toward the darkening sky.

It is impossible to conceive of the tumult into which her mind was cast by this unlooked-for occurrence. She betook herself to her pile of skins as usual, but not to sleep. The least echo, as the night advanced, caused her heart to beat until suffocation was threatened. She trembled so extremely that it seemed to her that she shook the pile of skins upon which she lay.

And, no doubt, the experienced white men near her argued exactly correct, if they believed that present rescue would be impracticable, as the girl's extreme agitation and joy would baffle their efforts.

That night and succeeding ones were doomed to pass without the prayed for deliverance, but Elsie knew that it was well thus. She felt that had an attempt been made to rescue her on the first night that she was made cognizant of the fact that white men were near, her overstrained nerves would have frustrated the plan, and brought destruction probably upon both herself and those who sought to aid her.

With the hope and joy pervading her soul, she found her appetite returning, and she ate ravenously, hourly, it seemed, renewing her strength, but still as far as possible, maintaining her old dejection, lest she should arouse the suspicion of the wary foe.

CHAPTER X.

BUNS AND DAN.

You know that we left Buns in mild internal convulsions at the spectacle of the mammoth pollywogs gliding down the stream, and before nightfall the next day he got a focus on the tribe to which they belonged. A little below the place where they spent the previous night, a few miserable lodges were erected, but the general squalor of their surroundings, the two or three lean horses picketed near a remnant of one of those weak tribes upon which the stronger ones prey, and from which they semi-annually take everything which the poor wretches accumulate. So the two scouts felt no hesitancy in making them an open visit.

They were received by a one-armed brave, whose snaky eyes betrayed a good deal of curiosity and considerable avarice, as he motioned back the drove of gibbering old squaws, naked papooses and vagabond dogs. He led them straight to the council lodge, wherein they were gravely appointed a place to squat down while they should pledge each other in a cloud of smoke.

The intense, high-cheeked, hook-nosed gravity of the handful of braves was impressive, and would be nerve-trying to the uninitiated.

After the pipe had freely circulated, Buns made known his wish to tarry two or three days in their village while he recruited from wounds received in a scrimmage with a party of Sioux. They had some beads and tobacco with which to pay for hospitalities, and with evident pleasure and cordiality, they were bidden to remain.

Behold Buns then, three days after his arrival in the squalid village, himself making the family soup for the encampment. He had begged the privilege, saying aside to Dan:

"Lemme git their pots washed clean, and er good, warm, square, 'holesum meal, an' then I will go out agin on our pilgrimage."

He had taken the two huge pots which, somehow, the old squaws had hidden from their marauding enemies, and going to the stream, had washed them to his heart's content, returning with them half-full of water, which he hoisted upon crotched sticks, and set to boiling. Meanwhile, during his stay with the poverty-stricken wretches, he had shown them how to whittle and dig out rude spoons from the dead limbs and branches lying around.

With one of these he chased the chunks of jerked buffalo around and around the interior of the pot, and it happening to be portions of a young animal, ere long it was soft and tender; then he and Dan each contributed a package of some sort of portable preparation to thicken the mass, while Buns drove round and around the pot, apparently pursuing the bubbles and bits of buffalo, but picturing to himself an immense cauldron full of bloody Sioux, and himself the chief demon of the place scurrying upon the rim, and knocking back each uplifted, tufted head.

Of a sudden he broke off.

"Dan," said he, "take these 'ere skillets ter the triberterry an' shine ther faces for 'em arterwards—ther bill ov fare, yer know."

After dipping out a dish of the soup for himself, and another for his brother scout, Buns slung the pots off the crotched sticks, and the entire family congregated around and devoured all, lapping the spoons and their fingers.

"Now, Dan, feelin exuberunt, we'll turn face towards that undefinerble sumpwhar containing the lost girl. I'm gwine to strike cross lots, an' do a little sarchin among ther Black Hills. That ar country iz full ov orings an' ash-holes, an' I hev er presenturment that with malice a prethought and a fourpence, sumbody's tuk her inter that barring land."

They crossed the intervening country between themselves and the hills without being molested, although evening showed them columns of smoke rising from the prairies in all directions.

Only the superior knowledge of the elder scout enabled them to thus pass unmolested among the rancorous savages.

Towards the close of a beautiful day, the two men found themselves, by unmistakable signs, in the vicinity of an Indian encampment. And by their unerring knowledge also, they knew these braves belonged to, or were an entire party of, red rangers, whose prowess might be pleasing to themselves, but was unappreciated by the white man.

Only by the most cautious movements could Buns hope to arrive unnoticed into close proximity of the encampment.

He had seen and taken in the strength of the party; had glanced from lodge to lodge, and reasoned that as all the squaws save one were at their menial occupations, and this one so persistently sat in the door of the lodge, that there was something unusual about it—a riddle that he hoped to solve.

He crawled into a sheltered basin and waited, being not in the least astonished when the captive issued forth, for he had seen the like enacted over many times during his fifteen years' scouting upon the plains. He noticed the place where she sat—at the foot of a beaten path, and looked well to the cliff that overhung it.

The next night he was there to communicate to her, as we have previously shown, by means of the buzzard feathers.

"But it ain't no use to be in a hurry," he had said to Dan. "Yer see she's bin months in captivity, and she's sick, or hez bin; an' she's fust got ter git used ter the idea of friends a bein nigh, or she kan't act discriminately. Agin, we're got ter wait fur different weather. It's too carm."

"Do you imagine that this is the girl for whom we are searching?"

"I shen't stop ter put ther inquiry," says Buns, comically. "Leastwise, not intill I gits her most home to her folkes. But I suspect she's Elsie Barbour, az she mainly corresponds with ther discription given us by Stannard."

"And what are we to do?"

"Chaw jerked beef in ther fishures, an' wait for the demonstrations of natur. I liked to induce a simoon ter emigrate this way about ther time we think ter syruptitiously enter ther camp of the Felischines."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESCUE.

Day after day passed, bringing continuous cloudless, calm weather, and the scouts began to weary of waiting; besides a serious inconvenience assailed them. They were on short allowance of food. Their knapsacks had a lean and famished look. The urgency of the case would admit no longer delay, and as if Providence had tested their patience sufficiently, there came a day, murky and oppressive; a leaden pall and brassy pillars standing up from the northwestern to the southern sky.

"We'll catch it ter-night," said Buns, oracularly, as he surveyed, with evident satisfaction, the signs hung out in the clouds. "I reckon, Dan, that we kin begin on our job 'tween this an' midnight, venturesumly. Thar'll be racket enough among ther elements ter gin us a chartice ter scuff up purty clus in aour moggersons."

"Can you form any reliable opinion of the time that the storm will be upon us?"

"Bless yer soul, no; not posertif; but ef them thar caps on them thar kolumnar clouds go up in er balloon inside ov an hour, an' it's purty evident ter me they are perlitely liftin neow, before midnight ther horns an' kittle-drums ov ther hevings will be at it lively. Dan, how's yer speretual mussel? Summat weakened by our larst few days' slumshus diet?"

"Not in the least. Only find me a job and set me to work."

"Gad!" muttered Buns, with a hideous grimace, "the job's found.

"Have you any plan of movement?"

"Nothin def'nit, 'cause circumstances alone can devilope operations. I eggspect I shell hev ter use you as a decoy, pervidin I git their company started for home. You'll hev to fire'n fall back in an opersite direction ter me'n the gal; and, Dan, ef yer luv me, an' hev enny ambishun ter figger in ther pages ov ther futur, be keerful—keerful, Dan, an' depend upon yerself. I shan't be able ter help yer ef yer call."

"I won't call, let come what will, Buns. Take care of the girl, and I will do what I can to lure them from you."

"That's you, Dan. Ef I git started with her, don't yer call whatever straits yer git inter; it would be cowardly to leave her, and yet, Dan, I couldn't turn a deaf ear ter an old crony—cood you?"

"I won't call;" again repeated Dan.

"It's er collicky lookin sky, see ther curdled vapor drivin up, it's gwine to be a time ov darkness an' thick clouds, ez if natur with malice a prethought an' a fourpence, war agoin ter do er leetle trippin' ov ther fantastic tow about this city or ther plain, or mounting, as it please yer;" and Buns jubilantly hugged his knee, and rolled a bit of "navy," like a sweet morsel, under his tongue.

A sudden, wild, fierce storm, before the middle of the night, had burst among the mountains. The mingled crash of wind and rain and thunder was appalling. It was as if the hills were shaken to their foundation. Ere long, the broadening, deepening streams began to add their brawling voices to the other echoes.

Creeping through the gloom, and shrinking from the lightning's flash, the old scout made his way towards the most pretentious lodge of the village. Holding his knife in his teeth he crawled on as long as there was a bit of anything to shelter him, and then was about to rise to his feet, when it seemed to him that a figure crossed where he had been a moment before, and disappeared in the pathing leading down to the only accessable piece of bank which the stream could boast for miles.

He shuddered, believing that Dan had entered the precincts of the village to be ready to sacrifice himself if need be to save the other.

"Oh, Lord! he needn't hev did this despert thing," was Bun's mental comment. "Suttingly, ef they cum upon us now, hip and thigh, they're gwine ter captur and cellerbrate with ther hole boodle ov us. Lord, Dan must er been took with ther dilirum tremendius. Herings! how ther feller unwitteringly hez cumflustered me."

By and by, Buns was safely in the rear of the lodge on whose conspicuous front lapels, the dye-stuff was laid on in graduating stripes, he having effected the last stage of the transit by a strategetic leap, and while the crash of the elements still remained unbroken, he pressed the point of his knife through the skin on the leeward quarter, working cautiously lest the tightly-stretched covering should, when being divided with the knife, give out that tight, sawing echo peculiar to dry parchment.

After he had made an aperture sufficiently large to admit his hand, he could hold one side of the rent firmly and make good dispatch with his work. He knew not but that each instant he might find a tomahawk buried in his brain, for the lightning was fearfully brilliant, but ere long, the opening was sufficiently large to allow him to thrust his head inside; and he was about to do so, having thrust in his hand to lift the covered flap, when it was caught from within by slender fingers, cool and firm as steel. Not a syllable, not a sigh, only just an instant's pressure of the two hands; then the scout began drawing his arm with her fingers interlocking his own towards the aperture. Silently, cautiously she was following his lead. When she was just emerging from the lodge there came a soothing flash of lightning, and Buns anxiously raised himself on tiptoe and made out suicidal Dan crouching in the path which led to the stream. The poor girl came near dropping dead with terror, what with the livid lightning and the faint glimpse of the figure in the path. The brief glimpse of the attitude of the person, gave them both the impression that he was discovering, or had discovered, some interesting object near by; and they would have hesitated to dash along the dangerous path, only as desperation gave them no choice. Only a few rapid strides, and then Buns pressing his hands upon the girl's shoulders, crushed her down flat upon the ground, and crept stealthily forward.

The darkness, intense—noisy, riotous—that followed a flash and thunder peal, concealed the quick, vindictive clutch upon the savage's throat, the cut-sweep and the in-stroke of the steel armed hand, but the death yell of the redskin cut through the echoing tempest and penetrated to the ear of kindred braves.

Elsie sprang to her feet, and with the scout bounded down the bank of the stream.

"In—into the flood!" cried the scout, "throw yourself under the rushing water—down! down! we are in for it;" as a fierce shout from the village warned them that the Indian's death yell had been heard, and that the captive's flight was discovered.

Buns knew their desperate situation, with not even five minutes start, and the dead brave to show the route of the fugitives.

The girl, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the seething flood; and Buns taking the channel way, also sank his head beneath the boiling cataract, which shot them down the stream with frightful rapidity, smashing them against jagged roots and grinding them over rough and grating rocks, but strangled and struggling they still held closely down to the surface, expecting every moment a shot from the shore; and wondering, if the tumult of trembling water, and the deafening throbbing in their ears allowed of thought—why the sounds of pursuits grew fainter and, finally, died away altogether.

"Ah," spluttered Buns, when they had been shot down the course of the torrent, and he anchored a moment to a snag and lifted his own and Elsie's head into the shelter of the rough log, that they might draw a long breath into their lungs; "I feel like a bottle of poor beer, mostly goin ter froth round ther neck and mouth; an wether ter launch agin, or try ter git inter having an huff it on ther furder shore is what I'm ponderin on."

"Wont there be greater danger on the bank? Do you not think that they are following down to catch us when we come up? And the storm is dying out, too."

"I notis 'tis; but scemuntly ther chase went tother way. Howsomedever, ef yer say set sail agin, we'll do it; an yer a plucky gal, too; only keep yer hand on my shoulder, an I'll work my paddle wheels in ther middle of ther channel, and we'll move along righteously, albeit, my thorax-laryux lengthwise, brisket, hez bin outrageously mellowed wile stemmin this ere tide."

They dropped loose of the snag and proceeded for perhaps half a mile further, in this struggling, strangling way, when the scout suddenly caught by the gnarled roots of a tree that projected out from a curve in the bank.

"Thar aint no choice now, gal," he hoarsely whispered in her ear, "for we're on ther brink ov er cataract, 'tain't mor'n fifteen feet ov fall, an that wouldn't hurt us, but we posserbly might bring up on suthin 'twould. We've gut ter land." Buns found that every one of his powerful muscles must be brought into play, in order to bring them across the current, and he could not have accomplished it then, had he not sought aid of the boulders which bruised, while they assisted him.

"Keep clus, gal," and he felt his way along the rugged bank of rock; "we, suttingly, hev got an uncommon bad place to ascend, seein ez our fethers iz too wet ter fly. Ah! thars a few protuberances here, az will gin us foothold. Thar, I've got both feet on er shelf—now you climb to this ere spot, an wot ef—but, come on."

Laboriously the scout toiled in the darkness, not knowing but that as his head should overtop the cliff, a savage

tomahawk might cleave his skull. Miraculously, almost, they came on to the top of the steep cliff that formed the precipitous bank of the mountain stream, and bruised and drenched, they began their silent, toilsome march.

"Keep clus, gal," whispered Buns. "Once afore, nigh onter ten year ago 'tis, that ar white woman, in some'at sich an expedish as this ere, loitered a leetle from my arm, an' when she would a hurried up, thar was several perukes atween us that sed 'no,' and argyfied it with ther leetle hatchets."

"Did they recapture her?" questioned Elsie, in a faint, horrified whisper.

"No; jest because our boys were sot tooth an' nail agin it; but we spilt a lot ov blood afore we settled ther hash. Keep er toggin onter me, an' don't yer even whisper. Ther slappen ov our wet rags a'most gins me ther hydrofobee, or ther asterroda."

However Elsie might have been affected by Bun's odd tones and pronunciation under happier auspices, she now only took in their fearful signification, and felt ready to join him in anathemizing their wet clothes, as she was nearly like one fettered by their clinging proclivities.

They traversed a distance of four miles before the scout would allow of a halt, as then he knew he could find a cavern in the locality, where they would be hidden from prying eyes, until night should come again.

"Yer'll be mostly parbiled, gal," the scout said; "but I won't dare ter start er smoke till daylight gins me a fair squint over ther flats."

"But, even then," returned Elsie, curling down in a heap in the cavern, "how can you start a fire?"

Buns tapped his breast.

"My safe here carries my lucifers through fire and flood with friction unimpaired."

"Oh! but I dare not have a smoke made; it might lead them to our retreat."

"Still yer must be dried an' warmed, child; an' az ther storm is over, so soon as 'tiz daylight, I'll look for perukes an' symptims of red rangers an'—— But ye'll starve?"

"I am neither cold nor hungry."

"Suttingly; but thar'll be a relups, an' it'll be ther longist wark of yer life ter get inter ther stockaid of civilisashun."

"I know, I know," returned she; "but, believe me, friend, I can endure anything—death itself—with my own people near."

"Wall, yer may be put ter the test, child," was the serious response; "but I'm gwine outside, an' whatever ye see or hear, make no moshin nor sign."

What a terrible day it was for the poor girl. Shivering at last, in spite of herself, in her wet clothes, and after the scout had returned and kindled a fire, the grateful warmth did not compensate for the fear lest the smoke should attract some wandering foe.

Buns mostly tarried among the high elevation, watching for lurking rangers, and hoping continually for the return of Dan.

Nightfall came again, and Elsie had succeeded in partly drying her garments, and was feverishly anxious to be again on the move.

"But I can't go on another foot," affirmed Buns, "until I know ef Dan's on the face ov the airth."

But early in the evening they were made happy by some faint chirrupping bird-calls, which the scout recognized as being made by the absent man, and to which he replied with the perfect imitation of the gritting, rasping, brittle note of the cricket; and so, cautiously and gradually, they came together in the cave.

"But afore we permulgate hence, Dan," joyfully questioned Buns, wringing his companion's hand, "yer must tell me about ther false scout."

Dan laughed.

"I saw the Indian before he saw you, and managed to keep his faculties occupied in watching my movement. I had crossed the stream on a sort of natural pontoon, where some drift stuff was tangled together, and from the opposite shore, right abreast of some large projecting boulders that, I rightly inferred, might be stepping-stones for the rangers to cross the brook on, I saw the whole, as I may say, with the black pauses between, when the just extinguished lightning flash made the darkness almost to be felt; and I remained in sight on the bank after the savage gave his death-cry, until a lightning flash plainly revealed me and my companion to their gaze."

"Your companion?" echoed Buns, in surprise.

"Well, yes, I was taking, as a helpless female, a huge chunk of drift stuff with my blouse and cap upon it, and as soon as I was convinced by their exulting yells that they had seen us, I seized my garments, abandoned my dummy captive, and dove back into the stream, and behind the rocks bobbed like a buoy for hours, until the lightning ceased, when I crawled down to a safe retreat, and laid dormant till dark again."

"I swar, Dan, you're cute. Ef you go on at this rate, you'll pluck the laurils off ov every border scout. Bobbin like a buoy! Wall, wall, me an' the gal here bobbed mos'ly like chunks ov drift stuff, an' we've got ter bob sunwhar between this an' termorrer night, so's to gin us a bite er dinner. I can't gin the gal my larst mouffel ov jerked bufferler, ez it's rid so long side ov my terbacker pouch, that yer couldn't discrimernate tother from witch."

The entire party had to smile at this state of things, for smiling was better than sighing.

During this night, and many that succeeded, Elsie clung to Dan's hand, or walked by his side, neither one venturing to speak, even in a whisper, for hours together, while Buns took the entire route three times over, going on in advance to reconnoitre, returning to report the state of investigations, and then moving forward again, but a little ahead of them.

Their way was tollsome in the extreme, and during his many years of life on the prairies, the old scout never remembered of the plains being so literally alive with red rangers as on this momentous occasion.

And not until noon of the second day, did Dan dare to attempt shooting any game, and then absolute hunger drove them to run the fearful risk. He shot a turkey off by himself, and off by himself he cooked it, telling Buns to lie low, off to the windward, so that but one of them would run any fresh risk in the matter.

However, fortune smiled upon them—they ate their rare-done bird with ravenous relish, carefully saving the fragments, as they rightly conjectured it was a matter of uncertainty whether they would again even taste of food until they should get into the fort.

The way was doubly lengthened by the wide detours which they were forced to make in order to escape the vicinity of beacon fires.

It was a solemn journey, never to be forgotten by the young girl; their hiding in the basins and tall grass during the day, and their silent night marches and midnight halts, with the dull glow against the sky, on the right hand and on the left, before them and behind them, showing where the war-parties were ravaging the settlements, or, defeated and demoralized by their own kind, were firing the grass to destroy their trail; the quivering blaze and ascending smoke of the signals, made up a weird, fascinating, but terribly dangerous scene.

Depressed with weariness and hunger, still the brave girl did not once murmur, answering the scout's anxiety with cheerful tones, thinking only of them, feeling only for the deprivations to which they were subjected on her account, picturing the while, with sickening oppression and misgivings, her meeting with and the joy of Edward, her only and idolized brother.

And the scouts wisely forebore any mention of the tragedy until she should be within the shadow of the fortification.

The nearer in they came, the more the dangers seemed to accumulate, until Buns, the veteran scout, was obliged to remark, in an aside to Dan:

"In all my life I suttingly never seed ther like o' this."

CHAPTER XII.

A DISCOVERY.

After Stannard had concluded his business with Sheriff Darlingford, he yet lingered in N—— and its environs.

The strange, subtle, unexplainable fascination surrounding Miss Grace was a powerful loadstone, yet that alone would not have retained him as a visitor in the place. There were other, and more powerful motives, which the reader shall know in due season.

Darlingford, not intimidated by the great danger from which he had so miraculously escaped, displayed a courage amounting to recklessness.

During his necessary over-night absences, Stannard, at his invalid wife's request, often left the hotel and tarried with the family.

And, in justice to him, the young man we must admit, enjoyed the double position of friend and protector. He always found Miss Grace vivacious and confidential, and Miss Eveleth sweet and affable. Mrs. Darlingford he rarely met, as she never left her room, and the presence of strangers greatly excited her.

One day, at his room in the hotel, Stannard made a discovery which puzzled him not a little.

The apartment had been swept, dusted and put to rights generally during his absence, and with the untidy habits of some chambermaids, the litter of the closet, wardrobe and room, consisting of bits of paper, cigar-ends, feathers, dust, and fluff had been poured into the rusty grate for kindling, doubtless, to some prospective fire. He, like Old Mortality among the tombstones, mechanically punched at this stuff with his cane, the while, with his feet upon the grate, he smoked a cigar and meditated.

Directly a bunch of paper, burned up to a stump, and having served, doubtless, as a taper to light a Havana, rolled out, and, as it struck the hearth, it uncoiled and exhibited two words—very commonplace, short words—"Yours truly."

Mechanically he picked up the fragment of paper, and was about indulging in a day dream over the generally significant insignificance of this thoughtlessly scrawled sentence or clause, but in an instant his eye became rivetted upon the fragment and the two little words, and he uttered a quick ejaculation of surprise. He then drew out a pocket-book from some inner receptacle, and, taking therefrom a bit of paper, carefully compared the handwriting, finally ejaculating between his closed teeth:

"I'll take oath that this is strange enough!"

Then losing all appearance of apathy, he examined the other fragments of paper in the grate. There was nothing more, besides bits of newspapaper.

Replacing his pocketbook, which now contained the two pieces of writing instead of one, he ran down to the bar-room. He borrowed the hotel books, telling the landlord that he wished to see what time a traveling friend of his had registered his name, and as he went upstairs, asking the trim chambermaid:

"Who had occupied his room last, to make such a heap of litter as was in the grate?"

She blushed a little, and said she would remove the rubbish if the gentleman liked, but as it was close upon the season of fire building, she thought it might remain for kindling.

"Certainly," returned Stannard. "leave it; but I had my curiosity excited to know whether a woman and children, or a family of mice, were the last occupants."

"Neither," she pertly returned, "none but gentlemen lodge in the south wing, ever; and they can make as much rubbish as other people, what with their smoking, their papers and parcels;" and with this she flitted down the stairs.

A survey of the register showed, written several weeks previously, the name of "Howard H. Bentley."

"That's it; the name, or alias has but little to do with the matter, but the handwriting does."

Hours later, while seated in the bar-room, Stannard put the question to the landlord.

"Do you remember about the time that Bentley, Howard H., went through here, whether or no General McFarland met him at N——?"

Mine host threaded his spare locks distractedly.

"Bentley? Howard Bentley? I'll be hanged if I recollect anything about it."

"I hardly expected that you would."

"There's so many strangers," apologized the landlord, "that unless a man is particular in any case, he isn't likely to remember, you know."

"True," returned Stannard, "and I had no hope of your remembering anything about the matter, but merely thought I would ask."

"I'm somewhere nearer a clue than I have been before," muttered the young man, as he left the hotel to walk up to Darlingford's. He took an unusual course, making a wide circuit through the principal streets of N——.

While halting a moment in the shadow of a brick block, he was surprised to see Miss Eveleth issue from a saloon opposite, accompanied by a man. On the sidewalk they held a brief, emphatic conversation, and then they separated. Stannard introduced his best paces in his walk to Darlingford's, but he did not overtake, nor catch a glimpse of Miss Eveleth on the way.

Certainly, Miss Grace must have considered Captain Stannard a very eccentric character, for he had hardly exchanged ordinary salutations, when he remarked:

"So your mother is feeling stronger this evening?"

Grace looked up with a questioning glance.

"I saw Miss Eveleth on P—— street a half hour ago, and I presumed that Mrs. Darlingford might be feeling better."

"Miss Eveleth? Indeed, you are in error, captain. She has not been out for several days."

Stannard put in a smiling disclaimer.

"I can believe my eyes; besides, she can't have come in yet."

"Gracie," called a soft voice from the head of the stairs, "please, bring up mamma's wine."

"There!" ejaculated Grace, triumphantly; while Stannard as stubbornly affirmed.

"She knows some shorter route than we do;" adding, playfully, "ask your mother, Miss Grace."

"Mamma is just awake," Grace said, with a mischievous twinkle, "and so she cannot help you set up an opinion against me, captain; besides, what could Miss Eveleth be doing abroad?"

"That is just what I wish to ascertain. Has she any gentlemen friends in N——?"

"No, indeed; she is an entire stranger in this part of the world, not having, I believe, even distant relatives living."

"She has been with you two years?"

"Nearly;" and there was such a curious, puzzled expression on her face, that Stannard came to a sudden bold resolution.

"Miss Grace, I have got to run the risk of forfeiting your esteem, and of being looked upon as an unpardonable meddler in family affairs, but I believe that the ruffians, or a part of them, who attacked your father on the 10th inst., were signaled how to proceed from this very house."

She sprang to her feet in wild alarm.

"Sit down!" he entreated; "I want you to co-operate with me."

"Without consulting my parents?"

"Consult no one at present. Your mother is too ill to become a confidant; your father is invulnerable in his good opinion of Miss Eveleth, besides entertaining some very pleasing anticipations in connection with her."

He had touched her in the tenderest depths of her nature.

"My darling Ned shall never marry her, so there! Let her have a right here, and the silken cords with which she leads papa and mamma would turn into thongs of iron."

"Mind you, Miss Grace, I do not accuse her; I only suspect her; and I want you to watch for and with me. My brain is in a whirl to recollect where I've seen—why, good God! the man that I saw talking with her to-night is—no, it can't be—but yet it is—Max Kennedy's passenger—the man with the tawny beard—the man that so affected the strangely brave girl—Barbour's sister."

"And what will that prove?" whispered Grace, pale with interest and dismay.

"Wait, wait, Miss Grace, it is a tangled skein, and it maddens me to think of unraveling it. I noticed him then, because she seemed so shocked by his appearing among us, and he escaped death and one other, besides Barbour's sister, on the night that Kennedy's stage was attacked."

"But, Captain Stannard," and Grace laid her hand upon his arm, "what can Miss Eveleth know, or care, or——"

"We can answer each other better when we get fairly hold of any of the matter; but now let us look over a few facts. You tell me that Miss Evelith is in your parents' confidence?

"Very much more than I am," she returned, a little spitefully and jealously.

Stannard hugged her plump little arm to his side, as he replied:

"Which is nothing unnatural, Miss Grace. She is older, seems deeper—is deeper in one sense, and being, as they imagine, disinterested, can pass clearer judgment on any and every intricate, or dangerous situation. You know that government and private parties have been very curious for more than a year to understand how very many secret movements and important contemplated movements have, seemingly, been foreknown and frustrated, or disastrously ended by the leagues of border desperadoes. No less than four government agents, many officials, and scores of petty officers, let alone the vigilance members, have fallen martyrs to an organized band of assassins within a few months. I certainly believe that we are on the trail of one of these secret service branches."

"I am terrified—who is safe then?" and she clung tremblingly to her companion.

"Frankly, no one who may be in the way or suspected of being in the way of the villains. Even your life, Miss Grace—I say this to put you wholly on your guard—may be imperiled, if my maddening suspicions have foundation. Perfect calmness and your usual manner is your only protection. I will devote every faculty to the task of unmasking and bringing to justice these outlaws."

"Not to neglect," she said, a little stiffly, "the fate of the gray-eyed girl."

"Nay, now," negatived Stannard, "I do believe that that has to do with the whole—the half recognition of this man, whom, I will take oath that again to-night, I have beheld—by the girl—his body not being with the slain—is it not a link in the chain of circumstances?"

"I can hardly follow your reasoning; yet nothing seems more probable. And who was the second man that was not with the dead?"

"There it is again; but at the time you will remember that I told you I was so badly cut up and shot that I hardly realized anything, excepting my own intense suffering. Besides they were all strangers to me, save young Ford.

"Now, then, you tell me, that ever since your father settled here your house has been the headquarters of government officers and other officials?"

"Yes; the mail routes connected here until a year ago, and now the mail stages meet the new T. and L. railroad in this place."

"Being banded together for the protection of lives and property on the border—although many of them, doubtless, were secret members of the vigilance committee, and they freely discussed the coming and going of government agents, mail matters, and so forth?"

"No doubt; and papa is so fearless. He would invite the fellow who sought to hang him to bring the rope into the sitting-room; and Ned is precisely like him. And while I confess my admiration of their characters, it seems to me that secrecy and caution would be the better course."

"It might be the safer; and during Miss Eveleth's stay here, how often has she gone out?"

"Only once a week, sometimes not so often, to do a little shopping for mamma."

Captain Stannard drew his lips up for a whistle, then he said:

"I foresee that I shall have to leave off visiting here—perhaps leave the town altogether. They must not know that I am watching them."

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Miss Darlingford, with a distressed intonation underlying this womanish expression; "we shall be in imminent danger truly if you withdraw your protection."

"I can work better and be unsuspected. My headquarters will be the fort; at least, until after New Year's, and Thorne thinks of tarrying in N—— until about that time. Trust him anytime to bring out a message to me."

"But, Captain Stannard, I want a promise. Christmas is mamma's birthday. Ned always comes home. I want you to know each other. Will you come out to dinner?"

"With pleasure, if I possibly can. And, by-the-by, watch Miss Eveleth, and find out if she does go out privately—let Thorne get me word; but Miss Grace, in patronizing Thorne, look out for your heart," and with an extremely low bow the captain passed out.

"Thank you, and remember the gray-eyed girl."

Another exchange of bows, and Stannard went out upon the street.

"Remember her," muttered he; "if I only could forget the strange spell which she has woven around me, and could replace her image with Grace Darlingford, it would be better for my peace of mind; but fate, for some wise course, brought us together, and I never can be at ease until I know her fate."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RUSSIAN BROTHERS.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, there lived in a small village of the Ukraine two poor orphan children, who subsisted entirely on public charity. Their whole property consisted of a tambourine, which served to accompany their singing on holidays in the neighboring town of Kharkow. They were both handsome boys, but dissimilar in their appearance. Ivan, the eldest, wore his miserable rags with a certain air of dignity, and arranged his beautiful hair in long and graceful curls. The second, Plato, was a simple, rustic child, who enjoyed the noisy games of his village comrades, as much as Ivan did an hour of proudly pensive solitude. Both possessed rich and powerful voices, whose sound gained them a scanty subsistence.

One night as they lay down together on their straw bed in the corner of a farmer's stable, Ivan said suddenly, "Brother, people say that St. Petersburgh is very large."

"Brother," replied Plato, gravely, "don't people also say that Paradise is very fine?"

"I will go to St. Petersburgh, and see all the grandeur and glory of the Court," murmured Ivan. "May St. Nicholas assist me!"

Next morning, when Plato awoke, he found his brother's place empty. Greatly alarmed, he followed his track on the newly-fallen snow for several miles, until, fatigued and dispirited, he returned to Kharkow, weeping and alone.

Ivan, meanwhile, pushed on bravely, singing as he went, and regardless of fatigue and privation. At the end of six weeks he descried the white buildings of the capital. Hungry and faint, without a single kopeck in his pocket, he entered its stately streets, and during the ensuing five years no one has traced a record of the vicissitudes which marked his lot. At the end of that period, we find him a handsome youth of one-and-twenty, singing as chorister in the chapel of the Empress Elizabeth. By degrees he rose to be the prime favorite of the Empress of all the Russias. He was installed in the palace as Grand Chamberlain, and it was ascertained that he belonged to the ancient house of Rasoumowski, in Podolio.

Two years passed on. Ivan increased in favor until he enjoyed at St. Petersburgh an almost unlimited power. He seemed to have completely forgotten his brother, who remained at Kharkow, as poor and ragged as ever. Plato, however, often thought of him, and longed to ascertain the fate of his dear Ivan. The fame of the rising favorite at length penetrated into the far Ukraine. The name of Prince Ivan Rasoumowski struck the ear of the poor village singer, and the seemingly wild idea occurred that this Ivan might possibly be his own lost brother.

"I will go and see him," he exclaimed.

"Beware, my son," said an old man to whom he had confided his intentions. "Even if this prince should prove to be thy brother, thou art only going in search of captivity and death. Royal favorites have no relations."

Plato, however, set out on his journey, and arrived at St. Petersburg as hungry and poor as his brother had done. He hastened to the palace, and tried to enter, proclaiming to the guards that he was the prince's brother. They very naturally thought him mad, and thrust him, with very scant ceremony, into the street.

During three days he continued to hover around the palace, but without being able to intimate his presence to his brother. Faint and footless on the third evening, he felt ready to sink from exhaustion. The night was calm and lovely. Russia seemed trying to emulate the sky of Italy, and soft odors gushed from the open windows of the palace.

Presently some one stepped out on the balcony, and the poor wanderer, making one last effort, took his tambourine, and sang, in a plaintive tone, one of the airs which he and his brother were wont to sing long ago through the streets of Kharkow.

An exclamation came from the balcony, the window was quickly shut, and Plato, murmuring the words, "My brother, my beloved Ivan!" sank on the ground.

Four men came out of the palace, seized the unhappy Plato, and, despite his feeble resistance, carried him off and placed him in a close traveling chariot. Four swift Livonian horses soon left St. Petersburgh far behind them, and Plato, thoroughly overcome by hunger, fatigue, and sorrow, sank down in a state of insensibility.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a small, low room, lighted only from the roof by a window of a foot square.

"Ah, brother!" he exclaimed, "imprisonment is easier to bear than thy forgetfulness!"

"Will your excellency choose to take some refreshment?" said an obsequious voice beside him.

Plato stared with astonishment at the speaker, who wore a splendid uniform, and whose name, as he afterwards learned, was Colonel Spranuskof.

"Perhaps," continued the latter, "your excellency would wish to put on a more suitable costume? This costume——"

The colonel was interrupted by Plato, who, casting a proud glance over his own rags, exclaimed, his face crimson with indignation:

"Vassal, go tell thy master, Prince Rasoumowski, that Plato Alexiewitch, in a dungeon, is ashamed to call him brother!"

"A dungeon!" repeated the other, with astonishment.

"A truce to insult!" cried Plato; "you have said your say—begone!"

Without another word, Spranuskof bowed respectfully, and retired.

Meanwhile, Ivan Rasoumowski, continued to do the honors of his ball at St. Petersburgh with the most perfect self-possession. The empress herself had honored him with her presence, and it was while conversing with her on the balcony, that he recognized his brother's voice. The favorite was not a depraved man. Like many others, he had been forgetful in prosperity, but the sight of his long absent brother touched his heart, and his first impulse was to run and clasp him in his arms. But then came the fear—terrible fear for a *parvenu*!—that Plato, rude, uneducated, and dressed in rags, would disgrace him among his courtiers. A thought struck him.

Making some excuse to the empress, he went out, and calling Colonel Spranuskof, said to him:

"You will find a man lying beneath the balcony; take him instantly to Narua, put him on board a vessel, and convey him to France. He is my brother."

At length the vessel reached the coast of France. Spranuskof entered the cabin, and asked if his excellency would please to land.

"Where are we?" asked Plato.

"At Dunkirk."

"Dunkirk! Where is that?"

"His excellency is pleased to be merry," said the colonel, with a respectful smile, "but of course it is my duty to reply. Dunkirk belongs to the king of France."

"Farewell, then, my country!" cried Plato. "Do with me what you will. I care not."

When they landed, Spranuskof presented him with a letter, which with some difficulty he read:

BROTHER:—I thank thee for having sought me. Go to Paris; the Russian ambassador there will introduce thee at court. I trust we shall soon meet to part no more, and then I will explain to thee everything. IVAN.

Half wild with joy, Plato began to dance about, and sing his wild songs of the Ukraine. The colonel tried his best to calm him, and Plato embracing him, said, "You are a capital fellow! Tell Ivan I am quite satisfied with him; and, lend me a few kopecks for my journey."

Colonel Spranuskof escorted him to a carriage, and, on parting, handed him a large sum in gold.

In Paris, Plato soon became noticed at court. Ivan confided his secret to Spranuskof, and soon Plato was able to appear at the Muscovite Court. The meeting of the two brothers was very touching, and the empress received Plato with marked distinction.

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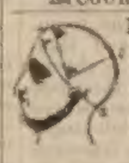

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No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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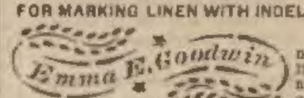

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

In the new spring suits that are shown one seldom sees one made entirely of one material. Combination is the order of the day. Silk and cashmere are very much used in connection with each other—the difference between the new arrangement of such suits and those of last season being that instead of the silk being the foundation of the costume, it is now as often used for the smaller details—such as the pockets, the sleeve-cuffs, the collar, the knife pleatings, etc.

The new apron overskirts are shirred, and made quite long—some reaching to within an inch of the bottom. The newest shirring is of two breadths of silk, down the centre of which is placed a sloped, narrow band of the trimming, whether of silk, velvet, or else made of the material. Silk is also used in connection with striped and plaided woolen materials, which come under the general head of camel's hair cloth. Sometimes two shades of woolen goods are used in the making of suits for the promenade, or else the solid colors are combined with plaided stuffs.

Later in the season, black grenadines will be given the preference; although the new styles are brought out in checks and squares, alternately thick and thin. Stripes will not be so popular as they were last summer.

Our dresses of grenadine are shown thickly embroidered in fine jet. One style is made in longitudinal puffs, with bands of grenadine wrought in stars of jet. The open-work material, shown in ecru and drab last season, will be worn very much the coming summer. Some of the new styles are combination of ecru and blue, ecru and brown, garnet, etc.

We have already spoken of the new hats and bonnets, and the general tendency of both to increase in size. The most popular style has a very high, wide rim above the forehead, sloping away towards the back and quite narrow at the sides. Chips of all the colors used for hats, black, brown, tea-color, tan, white, etc. Trimmings are irregularly placed; on some, feathers, flowers, birds, scarfs, are piled with lavish hand: others again have simply a scarf of damasked silk, or China crape, twisted about the crown, and a spray of flowers, or else cluster of half blown roses and buds, placed in front or at one side. A plait or roll of silk or velvet is often placed inside the rim, just above the hair. The English round hat, with a rim that protects the eyes, will be much worn. This hat will be worn forward on the head. The Warwick has a round, high crown, with a flaring rim. The Girofla is turned up on one side only. The Louiguy and Heloise have high, peaked crowns.

Among suits for spring wear, we have noticed one, a combination of brown silk and brown cashmere of a lighter shade. The underskirt is of cashmere, with three knife-blade pleatings of the silk around it. The overskirt is a long, square apron, shirred in two large puffs longitudinally. Down the middle are placed little straps of silk. Down the sides, at the back, and round the bottom, is a pleated ruffle of the silk. The back of the overdress is draped, and caught together with large bows of the silk. The corsage is a plain cuirass basque of the cashmere, corded with silk; the sleeves, collar and pocket flaps are made of the silk.

Another costume was of velvet and Sicilienne. The underskirt of velvet has five puffs at the bottom, and is made with a slight. The sleeves of velvet, are plain and tight-fitting. The high, round collar is of velvet. The overdress and sleeveless cuirass are of the Sicilienne, of a pale drab color. The shape of the overdress is a deep circular, and is cut in points at the bottom; these points are trimmed with fringe. The back is very gracefully draped, and ornamented with a large black velvet bow.

A charming suit was of gray cashmere, and gray silk, striped with black velvet. The underdress of silk, striped with black velvet, is made with one deep flounce headed by a standing ruffle of the same. Overdress of gray cashmere, cut with the waist and skirt in one. The deep skirt is untrimmed at the bottom, and is looped in three places at the back by black velvet bows and loops. A wide band of velvet desentes bretelles upon the waist, and a deep cuff of velvet cut open and caught together by buttons on the outer arm, finished the sleeve.

As the season draws near for the adoption of little clothing, there is necessarily some anxiety felt as to how such garments or suits will be made. Very pretty patterns of percale are shown with deep trimmings in lace patterns, and an excellent imitation of English and Irish embroidery.

Such dresses will be made for the most part with a deep flounce on the lower skirt, edged and headed with a strip of the trimming.

The overdress is a deep square or round apron, edged either with a ruffle or strip of the trimming.

The waist is a half-tight fitting basque, with coat sleeves, or else sleeves tight to the elbow, and falling from there in a box-plaited ruffle. Sometimes a sash is added, but as it is apt to become stringy, we think it can well be dispensed with.

Suits of percale in two shades of buff, blue, lilac, or else Cheviot gray stripes, combined with plain stripes of the colors mentioned. Sometimes an underskirt of the striped material will have a flounce of the solid color, and *vice versa*.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Very charming sleeveless jackets are shown, made of Valenciennes insertion alternated with pink, or blue, or lilac ribbon, and also some made of black lace and ecru lace combined with colored ribbons.

It is said that belts of all kinds will be very popular as the season advances.

Very pretty ties, to be worn close about the throat above the collar and ruche, are made of insertion of guipure d'art and ecru lace.

The "latest" in umbrellas is a small vial-shaped cane of clear glass, through which can be observed all "dangers ahead."

Bright-colored birds are not as much preferred abroad for ornamenting hats, etc., as swallows, snowbirds, sparrows, etc.

Thick veils of gray and blue silk tissue are much worn now to protect the complexion from the tanning effects of March winds.

Fans for the summer will be as large as ever, though the painted ones are *passée*. Plain black and very dark blue silk ones will be given the preference.

Large crosses of curiously carved wood and ivory are much affected by some of the Parisian belles. They are attached to the "dog collar" of black velvet.

Velvet petticoats, it is said, will be much worn at the seaside, in connection with overdresses of the open-work Mexicaines, and other light materials.

Vinaigrettes of Russia leather attached to a belt of the same material are considered more stylish than the flashy plated and gilded ones worn last year.

Plain jet bracelets, with earrings to match, are much affected by some of our leading belles during Lent.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

KATE M.—We have the pattern you desire.

MRS. S. E. L.—Answered your queries by mail.

MISS IDA W.—Trust you received our letter. We were at some pains to be explicit concerning directions for measurement. Let us hear from you soon.

MISS C. H.—Make your fawn-colored silk with knife-blade pleatings on the lower skirt, and have a shirred overdress. Read Boudoirs 34 and 35 for hints concerning such a dress.

LETTIE L.—The black silk mantelets of which you inquire, and to which we alluded in Boudoir gossip, will be made in many different styles. A sacque would be more appropriate for a girl of your age.

EDITH.—We would advise bands of gros grain or faille silk, edged with a fall of what is known as "cut tape" fringe, or else the crimped moss fringe. Bead trimming made of fine cut jet is still very fashionable, and will be worn even in the summer.

NINON.

DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.

I was takin' off my bonnet,
One afternoon at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it,
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to a grate—
Between the bars to stick it;
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket!

Says I, "Surely my senses
Is a gettin' in a fog"
So to drown it I commences,
When it halters to a frog!

Here my heart began to thump—
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big jump,
Leaped himself into a monkey!

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise,
That that monkey was a man!

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the door,
Just as missus with a light,
Come inside the kitching door.

Then beginning to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you're been drinkin'!"
I says, "No mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a thinkin'!

"But as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see
A gettin' out o' the winder,
Have developed from a flea!"

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 6.

Jalapa—The Dawning of Love—Lasso and Sword.

The sun that rose on the morning following the escape from Valja and his lancers showed the American army the tall church spires in the city of Jalapa. The city occupies a prominent hill, highest in the centre, so that the streets incline so much that no wheeled vehicle can pass along any of them except Main street. It is surrounded by a wall, and its streets are well paved. The houses, like the buildings of other Mexican towns, are of stone, with flat roofs and iron-barred windows. It is indebted for its name to the well-known medicinal herb, jalap, which grows abundantly in the vicinity of the city, and is to-day one of the chief exports of the State. At the time of its capture it contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and took first rank among the Mexican towns.

Many soldiers who refused to surrender at Cerro Gordo escaped to Jalapa, and for some time the thought of a stubborn resistance was indulged in. But when the rising sun displayed the warlike front of the conquering host, the braggarts, thinking discretion the better part of valor, abandoned the ancient city, and General Twigg entered without opposition, the morning after Cerro Gordo's well-won victory.

The surrounding country soon submitted to the invaders, who were anxious to complete the conquest of the great country subdued by Cortez and his mailed soldiers. There were numerous places of curiosity in Jalapa; the beautiful shrines, the many buildings in which the plant jalap was prepared for market, and the relics of the city's palmier days, when the foot of no hostile soldier rang through her streets.

Our young adventurers found themselves under the watchful eyes of Maurice, the major. The soldier's cheeks blanched when he was told of their ride from Valja, the guerilla, and he resolved that they should not get into such danger again. Therefore, when they inspected the city, he accompanied them, and his knowledge of Mexican history proved useful and entertaining.

Richard Julian could not forget the beautiful Mexican girl whom he had lately encountered, and the fear that Valja had offered some indignity on his return from the chase, preyed incessantly on his mind. She had not passed her seventeenth year, and I fear that she had already stolen the susceptible heart of the young Southerner.

"I must know it," he said to his youthful companion during the day in Jalapa. "She is ever present before my eyes, the victim of Valja's anger, for you know what those *lanceros* are, Frank. Uncle Maurice has told us about their deeds, and we have had an opportunity to try their mettle."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Frank. "We move to-morrow, I hear, and our next conquest will be the castle of Perote, then comes Puebla de los Angeles. Dick, you have found your fate—where is mine?"

Richard smiled, and his friend broke out into loud laughter.

"Fate?" he echoed. "Frank, I am surprised to hear you talk thus. What is the Senorita Inez to me."

"A little sweetheart—the prettiest one in Mexico."

"Pshaw! Frank, boy, a screw is loose in there," and Richard touched his comrade's forehead.

"Pshawing but convicts you," was Frank's reply. "Last night, in your dreams, you spoke of Inez, and when a fellow makes love in his sleep, I consider his a helpless case."

Richard blushed to the temples, and seeing that Frank was getting the best of the bandinage, relaxed into seriousness.

"We go to-morrow, you say?" he said.

"So I have been informed."

"Then I propose that we ride back to Inez to-night," said Richard. "I want to see the girl before we move, and I must see upon what foundations my fears rest."

"But Uncle Maurice?"

"We will manage to elude him," said Richard. "The surrounding country is now clear of guerillas. I heard General Harney say, this morning, that there were no *lanceros* within a radius of twenty miles."

"Which is saying a great deal."

"Yes, but the general knows," said Richard, with confidence. "We must keep together, Frank, and watch the opportunity to give our martial Cerberus the slip."

Perhaps the major had been informed of Harney's remark. At any rate, his watchfulness decreased towards nightfall, and, when the young adventurers saw him enter Worth's quarters, they hastened to secure their horses and ride from the city.

"We must not irritate Maurice, the major, too much," said Frank, with a smile, which was quickly driven away by a curious expression. "He might take a notion to send us home."

"I wouldn't give a fig for his notions," said Richard, snapping his fingers derisively. "I propose to remain in Mexico until I get ready to depart."

The road, fringed with chaparral, and here and there a prickly pear, was plainly discernible. The shadows of a tropical evening were falling over the earth, and the sunset was glorious to behold. The air on the summit of the hill surmounted by the city was quite cool, but when the riders descended to the level land, it was more pleasant and odorous.

Richard put explicit trust in the remark of Harney concerning the scattering of the Mexican guerillas, but his comrade was not so sanguine. He looked carefully about him as he rode along, regretting no doubt their present adventure.

By and by the sun sank behind the city, and the stars of evening, shining like burnished gold, appeared in the soft sky.

"Such an evening would throw our romantic American girls into ecstacies," exclaimed Richard, struck with the beauty of nature that surmounted him. "When we return, Frank, ladened with the spoils and honors of war—when old Firman has been proved a false prophet——"

The sentence was finished by a loud cry from Frank Hatton's lips, for a dark-colored lasso was settling over his companion.

Richard seized the rope, and tried to tear it from his body, but in vain. It was tightened by a rude jerk, and the next instant the boy was pulled from the saddle, uttering a wild cry of terror.

Intent upon rescuing his comrade, Frank wheeled his steed and saw the lassoer.

He stood upright in the deep wooden stirrups attached to his saddle, laughing at the work of his hands.

"*Santissima!*" he cried, when he saw his unlassoed enemy turn his horse and draw his sword.

"I know you!" cried Frank to the Mexican. "You said you would do this when we saw you in Vera Cruz."

There was no mistaking the villain. It was Grivalja!

He wheeled his steed as the young American spoke, and dashed away, dragging the helpless Richard after him.

One cry of horror burst from the lips of the unfortunate youth, and Frank echoed it from the depths of his throbless heart.

He dropped his sword and fired a pistol shot at the *lazador*, whose steed stopped suddenly, and swayed like a horse about to sink to the earth.

The youth saw this with eyes that suddenly flashed with triumph, and driving the spurs into his horse's flanks, he darted like the wind upon Grivalja, who had leaped from his stricken animal.

With vengeful bounds the *lazador* was approaching his victim, unable to defend himself, when he seemed to see that his own end was at hand.

Frank Hatton, with flashing eyes and naked sword, was upon him!

A cry of rage burst from Grivalja's lips, and his pistol ball passed near the young soldier's head.

Then the sword descended, and the guerilla staggered from his foe, hissing his deathword, *Carajo!*

When Frank Hatton checked his horse and returned, he found Grivalja dead, and Richard trying to loosen the almost fatal coil.

FIRMNESS OF CHARACTER.—Stability is essential to excellency; without it, no reputation can be acquired, no confidence can be supported, no usefulness can be insured. Even obstinacy itself, so far as it is founded in a right cause, is more allied to excellency than versatility. You may build upon a rock; but what can be done on shifting and sliding sand? If a man be one thing to-day and another to-morrow; if he yields to every fresh impression, like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed, and is governed by circumstances, instead of principles, he can never display character, for character is the effect of principle. Do all in your power to render your parents comfortable and happy. If they are aged and infirm, visit them as often as you can, carry them tokens of your love, and show them that you feel a tender interest in their happiness. Be all to your parents which you would wish your children to be to you.

WHEN misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

LOVE sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man, love prepares for its object.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—All Alone. Forgiven. How He Won Her. Never Despair. Nellie's Valentine. Winter. Lines to Spring. The Lone Cabin.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

HENRY F.—Charcoal alone, or charcoal mixed with prepared chalk, forms an excellent dentrifice of the simplest kind.

MAUDIE.—Salts of lemon will remove the inkstains from linen, but it sometimes leaves iron mould behind; if it should do so in this case, dip the spot in cold water.

BELLA.—The system of zoology contrived by the great Swedish botanist Linnæus is now almost obsolete, the much more complete classification of Cuvier being generally used.

CONSTANT READER, (Troy).—Major General Upton's "Infantry Tactics" is the work that is used throughout the United States Army, and which, if you want, we can get for you on your sending us $2.00.

ROSA.—The case you mention is one in which etiquette is more often "honored in the breach than in the observance." Etiquette is really only an artificial barrier that love in the great majority of cases easily leaps over.

F. W. B.—A set of jewelry such as you describe, of plain solid gold, we could get for you for twelve dollars; a set of the other kind indicated, for about six dollars. For these prices we would get the best of each kind procurable. If you send for them, do not forget to send the measure of finger for ring.

LETTIE.—When the saying, "He is born with a silver spoon in his mouth," is applied to any person, it is intended to show that he is lucky beyond the ordinary circumstances of life, not simply that he is born to the possession of wealth, but that adventitious fortune attends him in his worldly progress.

H. E.—The crown of England, as used by Queen Victoria, was made by those celebrated London jewellers, Rundell and Bridge, in 1838, principally with jewels taken from old crowns. It contains one large sapphire, one large ruby, eleven emeralds, sixteen sapphires, four rubies, 1,364 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 other diamonds, 277 pearls.

H. E. W., (Wells).—Kindly informs Gamma who inquired some time ago where the line "There are thorns besetting every path" was to be found, that it is in a poem called "The Lowly Heart," written by Miss Anna Letitia Warren, an English writer, and that the poem can be found in "The Bible Looking-glass." H. E. W. has our best thanks.

L. C.—If anything in the world will make a man feel pained, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peacefully and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbours.

DORA.—Make yourself as amiable and attractive as possible. Sensible young men are more attracted by neatness and a modest demeanor than by what is known as the "fast" style that some young girls pride themselves on possessing. (2.) The best advice that we can give to any young lady who says "her heart is broken" is to get a new lover to mend it. (3.) You should not correspond with the gentleman under the circumstances.

E. A. S.—You acted quite rightly in declining to allow the young gentleman the favor he desired. Your wisest course will be to inform your mother of the acquaintance you have formed, and ask her permission to invite him to your home. If he is really in love with you, he will accept the invitation. If he give such explanations as will be satisfactory to your parents; you may then look upon him in the light of your accepted lover, and allow him the wished-for kiss.

BRUNET.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in an accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time.

TENDERHORN.—If your objection to the gentleman who asked you to dance with him was so very strong that you refused his invitation, you should not have, on any account, accepted that of another gentleman for the same dance. You ought to have declined dancing with any one at all for that particular set, and sat it out, as by doing what you did you either betrayed a preference that no lady ought to exhibit so openly, or else you wantonly wounded the feelings of the first gentleman.

WINOW.—The stewardess on board one of the steamships you refer to has to attend to the various requirements of the lady passengers. It is rather an arduous position, but is tolerably well remunerated, though most of the emoluments proceed from the fees of the passengers. There is on some lines an advertised fee to be given to the steward and stewardess, but this is invariably short of the actual amount, which depends altogether upon the liberality of the passengers, and their appreciation of the attention shown to them.

E. A. D., (Germantown)—The lines quoted by you are part of a quatrain which occurs in a miscellany published in 1656 by Sir John Mennes and James Smith, entitled "Musarum Deliciæ," and is in full as follows:—

"He that is in battle slain
Can never raise to fight again:
But he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

The last couplet was used by Demosthenes, who made it his excuse for his flight at Chæronea, and has been traced to Archilochus, who lived three centuries before him. Almost the same words are found among the apophthegms collected by Erasmus, and translated into English by Nicholas Udall, in 1542. The sentiment also occurs in some early French writers, so that it is pretty universal. Butler's couplet ["Hudibras," part 3, canto iii.], which is often confounded with it, is—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

BLACKSTONE.—The origin of the term "foolscap" has doubtless puzzled many writers who use the paper known by that name, and yet, as in many similar cases, it took its name from a very simple circumstance. Charles I, of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I to the scaffold; and by way of showing that contempt for the King they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the foolscap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the watermark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

MELO-DRAMA.—We have answered similar questions to yours repeatedly. In one word, you require genius. Anybody can rant and tear about a stage, and make grimaces, but it does not follow that they are actors or actresses. To succeed on the stage, a thorough good judgment of an author's meaning, a knowledge of elocution, a complete command of the different passions to be expressed on the features, and a retentive memory are absolutely necessary. These talents are not spread broadcast, and hence we have a scarcity of what we may term accomplished artists on the stage.

E. V. L.—The great secret of happiness in married life is made up of a myriad little tacts and compliances and surrenders upon both sides. Matrimony is an enormous compromise. Perfect courtesy: an incessant guard upon the temper, that no irritability shall become a habit; and the constant conviction that where two have equal authority, a harmonious decision can be always reached only by the utmost reasonability; these are little amulets that will banish the evil spirits and keep the home serene, and the touch-stone to enable people to live thus in a sincere, deep, and fond love for each other.

E. A. W.—We have always expressed ourselves as strongly opposed to "runaway matches," and can only again urge upon you not to be so foolish as to think of such a step. Such matches may have the charm of romance about them, but they, in nine cases out of ten, turn out most unhappily, and it is not to be wondered at, when they are made against the consent of friends who, on one side or the other, withhold their countenance from the young couple. You had far better wait awhile. Constant dropping wears away stone, and when your friends come to see that your mind is firmly bent on the marriage proposed, they will most likely give their consent to it after awhile.

MADGE.—You need not ask us anything about harmless washes and cosmetics, and all that kind of nonsense, for we are down on all that sort of thing. There is nothing that we have a greater horror of than a face all enamelled and rouged and whitewashed. On the contrary there is nothing more delightful and more pleasing to our eyes, and we feel sure, in the eyes of all sensible people (like ourselves) than a fresh pure complexion, a bright clear eye, red lips and rosy cheeks, all of nature's own tinting. The only way to insure a good clear complexion is to see that you are in perfect health; a careful regard to your diet, regularity of living and plenty of out-door exercise will do more for you in this respect than all the cosmetics and washes in the world.

CURIOUS.—"Can you explain to me the method of preserving meat, that is, how it is put in hermetically sealed tins, as I never could understand how it was done?" The following is the process, or at least, one of the processes, for there may be more than one way of doing it, for aught we know. Each tin has put into it a certain quantity of meat; then the lid is soldered on, a hole being first made in the centre. The tins are then placed in a bath of strong solution of calcium up to about two-thirds of their height. The bath is then heated to its boiling point. When all the steam and air have been expelled through the hole in the lid, a little metal solder is dropped over the hole, which thus makes the tin hermetically sealed, entirely excluding the external air, and so preventing the decomposition of the meat, which would surely occur if atmospheric air or moisture gained access. A really sound tin loses its shape on cooling, owing to the external pressure of the atmosphere, while an unsound one tends to expand, owing to the production of gases within, thus affording a test for the success of the process in every case.

MABEL.—"What is Tapioca?" Tapioca is the product of a plant that is cultivated very extensively in the Malay Peninsula, where its culture is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. It is also imported from South America, the West Indies and some part of the coast of Africa. The tubers of the plant (*Manihot utilissima*), which weigh on an average from ten to twenty-five pounds, are first scraped and then carefully washed, after which they are reduced to a pulp by being passed between rollers. This pulp is carefully washed and shaken up with abundance of water until the fecula separates and passes through a very fine sieve into a tub placed beneath. The flour so obtained is repeatedly washed, and then placed on mats and bleached by exposure to the sun and air. It is finally converted into the pearl tapioca of commerce by being placed in a cradle-shaped frame covered with canvas; it is slightly moistened and subjected to a rotary motion, by which means it is granulated. It is next dried in the sun, and finally over the fire in an iron pan greased with vegetable tallow, and is then ready for the market.

CURIOUS.—"Before clocks were invented, how did people manage to find out the time, and can you tell me when clocks were first invented?" The earliest method that was employed for measuring time that we can trace is what was called the *Clepsydre* used by the Romans. This was done as follows: they used to fill a tall glass vessel with water and let a cork float upon the top, the water then ran out through a small hole in the bottom, very slowly, the cork gradually descended, and by marks on the outside of the glass showed the flight of time. The running of fine sand from one vessel into another was found to afford a still more certain measure, and this led to the invention of Hour glasses. In the middle ages, they used to burn candles and marked the lapse of time by noting their gradual shortening. Then sun dials were invented, and afterwards clocks. It is not easy to trace to its source the history of the inventor of the clock; the earliest, however, of which we have a complete description, was the clock of Henry Vic or De Wyck, a German, erected in the tower of the palace of Charles V., King of France, in 1379.

M. E. B., (Claremont).—We are indeed shocked to hear you have been guilty of the folly of flirting with a strange gentleman whom you happened to meet in a street car. Such a habit, this of flirting with strangers is full of danger, and often results in ruinous consequences. In most instances, the practice is of course indulged in out of "fun;" but the evil disposed put the worst construction upon such conduct, and lay their plans accordingly. The safest course is to avoid the very appearance of evil, and to say the least, flirting with strangers in the street has anything but a good appearance. It attracts unfavorable notice, and gives rise to many disparaging remarks, very injurious to the reputation of young girls, who should always bear in mind that nothing more becomes them than a modest lady-like deportment in the street, and that this is the only thing that will win for them the favorable notice and respectful consideration of those who are their best friends. Therefore take our advice and don't flirt. The little amusement you may find in the habit is as nothing when compared with the dignity you lose in other people's eyes, you gain nothing while you run the risk of losing everything.

E. B. T. (Decatur, Michigan).—The presents which we make to friends ought to be of trifling value, or their worth should be derived from the peculiar style of their workmanship, their rarity, or some accidental circumstance, rather than from the merely pecuniary value or solid richness of them. To offer a costly gift to a lady is extremely indelicate, and appears as if you wished to place her under an obligation to you, or to purchase her good opinion. There should be as little ceremony and parade as possible used; and in making a present, it should be offered in an indirect way, so as not to attach an air of importance to the circumstance. If a present which you have made is praised by those to whom you have given it, do not commence deteriorating it, or say that it is a trifle and of no value, as that would seem to your friend as if you really did not intend it as a mark of your esteem; but observe that you are glad he is pleased, and that the present owes all its value to the estimation with which he regards it. If a present is offered to you, however small or insignificant it may be, receive it with thanks courteously expressed. Never remark, "I fear I am robbing you," or any similar piece of rusticity or vulgarity. To perform these little acts of ceremony in the intercourse of life with propriety, is of infinite importance in many cases.

FARMER'S WIFE.—"What are the names of the principal English cheeses, and which is considered the best of them all? We have so few books in our home here that I cannot find this out for myself or would not trouble you with so trifling a matter. Also is cheese ever made from the milk of any other animal than the cow?" The three best known English cheeses are the Gloucester, Cheddar, and Stilton. The Cheddar cheese is highly prized and is so called because it is made in the rich valley near Cheddar Rocks, the most romantic part of Somersetshire. Perhaps, however, the most celebrated is the Stilton cheese which is made in Leicestershire, though it obtained its name from a small town in Huntingdonshire where it was first publicly sold by retail. This cheese is sometimes called the Parmesan of England; the process of making it was for some time kept a secret, but is now generally known. The cream of the preceding evening's milking is added to the morning's new milk, with a proper quantity of rennet. The curd is not broken in the usual way, but taken out carefully, and placed in a sieve to drain gradually, when it is gently pressed till it becomes firm and dry. It requires much care to keep it sweet and good till fit for use. When fully ripe a portion of green mould appears in it. (2.) In reply to your second question as to whether cheese is ever made from any other milk than that of the cow; the rich little cheeses sold as Neufchatel cheeses are said to be made from goats' milk; which is much thicker and yields more cream than cow's milk; it is much used by the natives of mountainous countries, as the goat can climb and find abundant food where the cow could neither find foot-hold nor pasture. In Lapland, the milk of the reindeer is used, for the same purpose.

M. L.—Proof-reading is not an art that can be acquired from books, as you imagine, or that can be performed by any tolerably well educated man, or woman. It is one of the most important and at the same time one of the most difficult branches of the printing business, and first-class proof-readers are as rare as first-class poets or first-class orators. To be a good proof-reader, he should be a printer, in the first place; he should possess some knowledge of Latin, French, and German, and have a general acquaintance with scientific and technical terms, and with the leading facts and names of history, literature, geography, etc. As has been remarked by one who thoroughly understood the duties and qualifications of a proof-reader: "He must know all history, all biography, all time, all ologies—he must be, in short, a peripatetic cyclopedia."

AN OLD ADMIRER OF THE POST.—"In a late number of the POST I read a very interesting little sketch about the Maid of Saragossa, which pleased me very much indeed. Please tell me where Saragossa is, and in what year was the siege in which the Maid of Saragossa so distinguished herself?" Saragossa is a town in Spain, once of very great importance and extent, but at the present time on the decline, many of the old families having gone to hide their poverty in Madrid. Its origin is very ancient, having been it is said, founded by the Phœnicians or Cathaginians. It was greatly enlarged by Julius Cæsar, who made it the head-quarters of the veteran legion; and Augustus gave it the name of Cæsarea Augusta, with the privileges of a free colony. Of its Roman buildings, however, which, according to Strabo, must have been numerous and handsome, there are scarcely any vestiges. Towards the close of the fifth century, it was taken by the Goths, who were expelled in 712 by the Saracens, and at length, in 1017, it was made the capital of a separate Moorish State. A century afterwards, it was sieged and taken by Alphonso of Arragon; and it was subsequently united to the Kingdom of Castile. But it is principally known in modern history from the obstinate resistance made by its inhabitants, under Palafox, in 1808-9, to the French, commanded successively by Marshals Mortier and Lannes. The siege lasted, with some light intermissions, from July 15, 1808, to Feb. 21, 1809; when, after a loss of about 6,000 men killed in battle, and of about 30,000 men, women, and children carried off by hunger, pestilence, and the fanatical excesses that raged in the unfortunate city, it surrendered to the French. The loss of the French in the siege did not exceed 4,000 men. It was during the siege that the Maid of Saragossa won for herself such an illustrious reputation.

LOCOMOTIVE.—There were two James Watt's, father and son, and you do not say which of them you refer to, and as they were both great in their profession, we will tell you all we know about them both. The elder James Watt was a celebrated Scotch mechanician, and a great improver of the steam engine. He was born at Greenock in 1736. Besides his great abilities as an engineer, he was an accomplished natural philosopher. He invented a means of condensing steam in a separate cylinder, and devised a simple plan by which he was enabled to preserve a uniform temperature in the cylinder. He died in 1819. James Watt the younger was born in 1769, and distinguished himself as an improver of engines for steam navigation, and in 1817 made a voyage to Holland in the first steamship that left England, the engines of which were built under his supervision. (2.) The George Stephenson that forms the subject of your last question was a remarkable instance of the power of genius to force its way upward. He was born in 1781, the son of a fireman at a colliery, and when a child, was employed to herd cows, during which time he amused his leisure hours in modelling engines in clay, and in constructing miniature windmills. In his seventeenth year he had under his charge the colliery engine, and about the same time learnt the arts of reading and writing with which he had been previously entirely unacquainted. In his twentieth year he married, and added to his income by boot-mending and cutting out gentlemen's clothes. He kept rising gradually, and his first great step was in being appointed engineer of a colliery at a salary of one hundred pounds a year. We have not the space to go into the history of this really wonderful man, who has been justly termed the "father of railways," for his improvements in locomotive engines laid the foundation of those facilities for travel that exist at the present day.

L. W. M., (Philadelphia.)—"I have been trying to find out the reason why our judges in pronouncing sentence of death on a criminal, always put on a black cap. What is the meaning of it?" The practice you refer to will be found to have a deep and a sad signification. Covering the head was in ancient days a sign of mourning. "Haman hasted to his house, mourning and having his head covered." In like manner Demosthenes, when insulted by the populace, went home with his head covered. "And David wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." Darius, too, covered his head on learning the death of his queen. But, amongst ourselves, we find traces of a similar mode of expressing grief, at funerals. The mourners have the hood "drawn forward over the head," in ancient times. Indeed the hood drawn forward thus over the head, is still part of the mourning habiliment of females when they follow the corpse. And with this it should be born in mind that, as far back as the time of Chaucer, the most usual colour of mourning was black. Atropos also, who held the fatal scissors which cut short the life of man, was clothed in black. When, therefore, the judge puts on the black cap, it is a very significant as well as a solemn procedure. He puts on mourning, for he is about to pronounce the forfeit of a life! And accordingly the act itself, the putting on of the black cap, is generally understood to be significant. It intimates that the judge is about to pronounce no merely registered or supposititious sentence; in the very formula of condemnation he has put himself in mourning for the convicted culprit, as for a dead man. The criminal is then felt for execution; and, unless mercy exert its sovereign prerogative, suffers the sentence of the law. The mourning cap expressively indicates his doom.

INQUIRER.—"I should like to ask you two questions, but don't tell me to go and look for answers to them in some cyclopedia, for I have no means of access to any work of the kind. If I had, I should not be troubling you. The questions are these: 'How long ago was paper invented? and what was used for writing on before the invention of paper?'" The Chinese, who had so often been the first to discover any useful invention, appear to have been the first papermakers; they claim to have made it as early as the first century after Christian era. From China the art appears to have traveled as far west as Samarcand, where there was a manufactory of paper, and when the Saracens captured the place in the seventh century, they acquired the secret, which with so many other useful arts they brought with them to Spain. In that country, however, they found linen a cheaper and better material than any that had been used before, and they established a large factory for making paper of that material at Xativa, now called San Felipe, in Valencia. Paper was first made in England in the 16th century, and Queen Elizabeth knighted a German who had a paper-mill at Darkford, in Kent, in 1588, but the paper manufacture made but slow progress, for some considerable time afterwards. (2). Before the invention of paper many devices were had recourse to for writing, inscriptions were engraved on the rock, and the letters filled up with lead; they were also cut on smooth, prepared tablets of stone, of which kind were the tables given to Moses, containing the Ten Commandments. The Assyrians and Babylonians stamped the impress of their letters upon unbaked bricks and cylinders of clay, which were afterward baked and made so durable, that modern research has enabled us to read in their own words, the account which the heroes of those ancient times wrote of their wars with the Hebrews. Thin wooden boards covered with a coating of wax, or some similar composition, were employed among the Greeks and Romans; they were written upon with a metal style, and possessed this advantage, that the writing could be effaced when no longer needed. Plates of metal and thin sheets of ivory were also employed, and the skins of animals, either in the form of parchment, or in a less prepared state. The leaves of trees were used, as those of the tallipot-tree are still in some parts of the east; and above all, the *papyrus*, or paper-reed of Egypt, superseded all other materials wherever it could be obtained.

MISCELLANEOUS.—I. C.—We cannot say. F. PARKER.—We are glad to hear you are so much pleased with the new story, and thank you heartily for your compliments. T. H. R.—February 8th, 1856, fell upon Friday; June 20th, 1853, on Wednesday, and July 5th, 1851, on Tuesday. MAGGIE.—Our candid opinion is that the "regular attention"—to say nothing of the kisses—is a sign of love. E. L.—The gentleman should request the favor of writing, most certainly. PETER.—If you want to know all about Cleopatra, read Shakspeare's play of "Antony and Cleopatra," as it is utterly impossible for us to insert a five-act play in the limits of this department. H. M. C.—How is it possible that we can explain the young lady's motives? Perhaps it is only a matter of preference on her part. AN OLD READER.—Send us your address, and we will send you an answer by mail. C. A. M.—The Latin phrase "*Pro bono publico*" means "for the public good." CLIO.—Cutting the ends of the hair every month tends to strengthen it. C. K. S.—The character you describe is that of an artful coquette and heartless flirt. G. G. W.—You can take grease out of leather by applying the white of an egg to the spot and drying it in the sun. Repeat the application if necessary. LIZZIE.—Benzine